

"Lost your mind?"- Voice of Vagbhata

To the talent in all of us,
To that God in us present as our talent,
To that God to whom we owe our gratitude,
I bow down to that talent - verily the personification of Divinity.

adhyāvōchadadhivaktā prāthamō daivyō bhiṣak ।

अध्यवोचदधिवक्ता प्रथमो दैव्यो भिषक् ।

To the Lord supreme held in high esteem among the Gods that Lord who is the Bhishak (Physician) who cures all our spiritual, mental & physical ailments, I bow down to that Lord, Lord Rudra, Lord Shiva.

Disclaimer: This story is a work of fiction and any reality in existence of characters or incidents is totally unintentional.

It is my sincere hope that this story is understood in the true sense & no sentiments were hurt.

The names of therapies, medicinal preparations and herbs may be real but they are not to be used without an Ayurvedic guided practitioner.

The author and team claims no responsibility if this is violated.

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The story is divided into two broad halves - first half about the journey of three principal characters and the second half about how they form a team .

Before beginning

"(The wind seemed rustling was the year Set to around 550 CE, there was absolute silence for some time after which voices could be heard. The language seemed to be in Sanskrit, spoken in Gupta era. The linguist quickly penned down the translation to his best)



Voice 1: Hmm.. shishya Bahaṭa what happened? Why are you sitting alone and lost in thought? You seem to be disturbed by something. Tell me what you seek.

Voice 2: || स्थिरसुखीमनोयुक्त सर्व शास्त्र विशारद, वैद्याय वैधनाथाय, तस्मै श्रीगुरुवे नमः ||

(Oh stable minded and blissful one, you indeed have mastered all the knowledge. Oh physician! The great one among physicians! To such a Guru, I bow down to you).

Oh Guru! The very presence of yours has quenched all my doubts. That is enough.

Voice1: But my dear shishya, just like how the glimpse of water alone cannot quench the thirst of a thirsty man. Similarly, my presence cannot answer your queries unless you represent them in a question-answer form.

Voice 2: Absolutely true of Gurudeva!

Voice 1: So tell me What bothers my प्रिय शिष्य? What do you seek?

Voice 2: Gurudeva! I was just thinking about the attributes of the मनस्. The mind is very mysterious, so is its nature, so are its

qualities. Now, to such a mind, how can we use the appropriate चिकित्सा?

Voice 1: You have asked what your mind seeks but not get asked what you truly need. पृच्छन् अप्यपृच्छन्, (you asked but didn't ask exactly) Ask the Specific question you need answer to my dear शिष्य!

Voice 2: Oh Guru! You indeed know what I want to ask. For your sake, I will ask My Lord! I have seen patients who suddenly seem to be behaving strangely. For a short span or a long stretch of time, they are normal. Suddenly, after a show of symptoms, they slip into a trance followed by exhibitions of गुण's & लक्षण's of another person. We thought them to be patients of भूतजन्य व्याधि and have tried the दैवव्यपाश्रय चिकित्सा on them but have not got a result. Given the small number of such patients we couldn't help but classify their व्याधि (disease) as an असाध्य व्याधि (incurable disease). But can we actually cure them?

Voice 1: Can we actually heal them? My dear शिष्य! Have you tried all remedial methods? Have you referred to the sayings of चरक, सुश्रुत & Other आचार्य's related to मानसिक व्याधि's? Have you referred to the old cases of मानसिक विकार presented in the last वैद्य परिषद् ?

Voice 2: Gurudeva!. I have referred to them all. चरक, सुश्रुत and other आचार्य's essence of the treatment for मानसिक विकार's is Summarised as:

"धी धैर्यात्मादि विज्ञानं मनो दोषौषध परं ॥"

But, I don't understand how this can be applied in this व्याधि. Nevertheless, the measures recommended by the परिषद् involved त्याग of अहित विषय's and पालन of हित विषय's. But, how to apply this to the आतुर ?

Voice 1: Oh सिंहगुप्त शून! you have learnt all the knowledge from the books but haven't you put it in practice? Come with me, Let us see the patient...

(The recorders suddenly went blank after this and there was a bit of confusion)

"What's happening?" a dark guy with a good looking moustache asked commandingly. He wore frameless spectacles and one could see the fire in his eyes. He seemed to be the main head of the operation. "Sir, the frequency of the sounds could not be tolerated for a long time by our recorders. We have to turn off our recorders as well as fog recreating devices. We need to work on them and set them right. We need some time to set them right," said Guruvinder Singh, one of the scientists heading it... The man sighed as he left the room.

This was an unknown location, a secret laboratory equipped with top class facilities. All working with a motto, "For the greater good". Who were these people? How did they acquire the voice of people from the 6th century? What will come out of this secret discovery?

Main character introduction

1.Characters featuring in first half:

1. SP Arun Kumar - SP of police in Visakhapatnam, Andhra Pradesh. Later is transferred to Karnataka. He takes up the case of the supernatural Kapalika graveyard
2. Walter Cowan- A great scientist, Msc Gold medalist in Nanoscience. But, what defined him was the publishing of his paper on "Mystery fog and sound dynamics" in Nature magazine.
3. Ram- A student of 1st year BAMS (Bachelor of Ayurvedic medicine and surgery) in Karnataka. He is a native of Andhra Pradesh.

2.Characters featuring in second half:

1. Ravi- Law College student from Andhra Pradesh, features in this story as a Lover boy. Was he successful?
2. Chamani- Law college student, Love interest of Ravi, Parsi by birth, has a mystery angle to her appearance.
3. Vaidya Kumar(doctor)-original name is Kumar a Duruwa speaker (tribal language) by mother tongue, enters & exits in dark. What is he upto?
4. Rakshitha - wife of Madhur, a software employee. She and Madhur visit infertility hospital & her life changes there.
5. Madhur- husband of Rakshitha, Software employee who is diagnosed by strange disease after his hospital visit for infertility
- 6- SP Varun Sharma SP of Police, from Visakhapatnam, goes with his team to investigate a case in Mangalore & that gives a thrilling police entry and police angle to the story.
7. DGP Arun Kumar Needs no introduction, he got promoted to rank of DGP at end of first half currently 40 year old DGP of Karnataka
8. SP Sreekumar - SP of Police in Karnataka (Area not specified), He is the son of & DGP Arunkumar.
9. Ram- becomes Dr Ram at the end, an internee (doing internship) after completion of BAMS in Ayurvedic college, Karnataka, originally, from Andhra Pradesh. Like the prequel, he will continue to be in protagonistic role.

10. Walter- Scientist who was a key role in the prequel but does not play a role in the sequel. His Nephew is introduced..

11. Netra - Netra of Netranand is the nephew of Walter, he played a key role in discovering the voice of Vagbhata (an Ayurvedic physician of history).

12. Vagbhata- Time period attributed to the 6th-7th century CE, he was the famous writer, grammarian, poet, physician. Writer of Ashtanga Hridayam and Ashtanga Sangraha, two Ayurvedic texts that are used even in today's clinical practice too.

13. Dr Venu Madhavan- A gynaecologist & surgeon co-founder of Entercure fertility hospitals, an influential man & a skilled doctor. His role is of antagonistic shade.

14. SI Mathews- Sub Inspector of Police, Part of the team led by Varun Sharma. A devout Christian, a very sharp man and who is always in intellectual competition to Varun

15. Ramayya- also called Ramaiah, a Political leader who by the skilled and able decisions of mastermind becomes home minister of Andhra Pradesh. He receives a threat letter that gives a twist in the Story.

16. Chanakya- used unknown Codename to denote a Political genius and mastermind, named after Acharya Chanakya, the historical figure in Indian politics in Maurya era

17. Dr Ramesh - His clinic in Udupi is the site of the majority of the last part of the story. He is a Senior doctor under whom Ram works on a part-time internship.

18. Avalokita teacher of Vagbhata, some consider him as a Buddhist monk while some others consider him as a Hindu. Here he is a Buddhist monk & teacher.

1st half: The boy, the scientist & the police

1998, outside boys hostel, Mangalore Karnataka

The hostel had been closed. The inmates were outside except for a few who had instructions to be inside. 4 boys were instructed to stay outside the hostel till all arrangements were ready.

The hotel was getting ready for the celebration of the food festival. While most of the inmates went to procure articles, some were overseeing work inside the hostel; there, 4 boys were supposed to stay outside as they were famous for mischief. The door was closed, and the watchman was on rounds.

"All because of you, Arun." "What did I do?" "Your mischief na, only I can beat you" "Beat me?" no way! Impossible" "Bet?" "I take up the bet; what do you want me to do?"

The other boy was extremely pleased that his trick was working out. "So, in the kitchen, there is the preparation of pizzas going on. Now, since the kitchen is located in the center of the hostel with full strategies –like heavy rush outside due to moving food vessels, full of windows that reveal any movement inside it, and lastly, so strategically that some of us use telescopes to see from the kitchen to the next (girls) hostel.

So I dare you to go to the kitchen, in your general style, eat a couple of pizzas and return without being caught. Still in the challenge, or have you backed off?" asked the boy.

"Challenge accepted; give me 5 minutes, and I will start for the kitchen. Even you can't beat me today", the proud Arun had to say.

Not a very small boy in size, a medium-built boy just entered was 12 years old; this was Arun. Without wasting any time, he began to plan:

To enter the hostel, there are 3 obstacles

- 1) watchman on rounds
- 2) CCTV that records your entry
- 3) people inside the hostel who may make an issue.

The watchman can be avoided by using any distraction, wearing a mask can avoid CCTV, and the actual trouble lies in the dining hall. The people inside the hall cum kitchen should not suspect even if there are no people; they must not find out who came in by looking through the windows. But let me first get to the dining hall." thought Arun.

He quickly went to put on a cartoon mask, sneaked in when the watchman was on the other corner, climbed over the door, jumped to the dining hall in swift movements, and within no time, he was inside. He saw that there was no one inside. He crawled as low as possible to avoid any sort of sound that would get people into the kitchen—also crawling because people watching from windows would not have a vision of a person inside.

He suddenly got the idea every window had a curtain! Brilliant! He crawled to the windows very quickly, and all curtains were closed within no time. He went up to the pizza tray, it wasn't difficult to find the tray as the aroma was unique, and he began to salivate. Arun quickly pulled one of the pizzas, and it found its way through his food pipe. As he was pulling the 2nd pizza, the door opened, and a group of people burst in. "Hey, catch him. He is the one!"

This little monster has already started to ruin the food festival, " screamed the watchman as the other boys caught hold of Arun. Arun had to accept defeat. And share a cane. Getting caned was usual; his muscles were accustomed to it. But he wouldn't accept that his plan was flawed. He asked the watchman pleadingly,

"Uncle, you can cane me however you want. But tell me, how did you find out I was here?"

The already annoyed watchman restored in a joking, irritated, sarcastic, and angry tone, "My grandfather told me. Rascal, move out now".

" Arun moved, muttering, "You are grandfather's ageyour grandfather told you, it seems!" He never forgot that day...

2022 police station, Visakhapatnam, Andhra Pradesh

It was a missing case, not one but two. The station was under deep investigation. 2 people were missing, probably influential people or people with high political connections. Whatever the reason, they were asked to give priority to this case.

But what interested the police was something else. It was the manner of missing.

2 people, big people with no connection to each other, no friendship or relation, go missing at almost the same time, and there is no evidence for the missing.

Being police, they 1st investigated the background of both of them. Who they were, what they did, where they were last seen, what was the last picture of the people before they went missing, what was captured in any CCTV cameras, what were the common places they both visited, and other such details?

Yeah, it was a futile exercise; the last spot both visited together was a saloon. After the haircut, one of them posted an Instagram story to show his after-haircut style, and that was the last photo of him. The other person was spotted in a traffic CCTV camera a few hours before going missing.

The case seemed to be a dead end! Asking the barber about them proved to be a futile exercise. But guess what! 24 hrs later, they were found and rightfully handed over to their families. How did the dead end become a lead???

Two reasons - because what the police thought to be a dead end just was a blocked road. To know that it wasn't a dead end, they came to the scene investigating officer- Arun Kumar IPS.

Tall, well built, 36 yrs old who had successfully solved many difficult cases, he entered this case during the examination of CCTV footage.

Firstly, he found a traffic camera showing a roadside saloon, the saloon wasn't the biggest, but it was good enough for the rich kids. So the saloon was visible in the camera, and that was how both of their last locations were before going missing, and the common point was traced.

But how was that a lead?

Arun observed that both of them walked into the saloon till there it was fine.

The 2 didn't come out of the saloon together. The 1st person finished his haircut, came, handed a packet to the beggar on the road, and left. Similarly, after his haircut too, the 2nd person handed over a packet to the beggar.

This piqued the curiosity of Arun. A beggar was sitting in front of the saloon blocking the way of the entrants and the exit. Why would 2 people give 2 packets to 1 beggar, and now what was inside the packets?

The barber, on being questioned, gave a logical defence- " sir, I want my customers to come, not get blocked, so I thought the beggar was hungry, and I handed a food packet through the client whom you say is missing. When the beggar didn't move still, I sent him another one, after which he moved. I'm sorry to know that he is missing, and if there is any help from my side, I will cooperate with you.

The barber's defence worked out well, and most of the police officers suspected the beggar and tried to trace him out. Of course, that was a wild goose chase. Arun, however, suspected the barber. He, however, could not prove it, though, and thus had to investigate it further. It would not be a sheer coincidence that whoever gave food to the beggars just happened to disappear.

But as he thought of dismissing his theory due to lack of evidence, he noticed something strange...

He was the 1st person who uploaded his haircut post on Instagram. The post was of the typical three photos from all angles.

What piqued Arun's interest was the fact that there was the presence of a symbol on the back of the hairline. Towards the down margin of the hairline, he saw the hair cleared in a small circular shape, inside which there was a patch of uncleared hair in a line shape.

I

Initially, Arun dismissed his thoughts that maybe this was the trend...but soon he found the traffic cameras showing the second man, and upon zooming in, he found a similar marking, but it was like this.

II

This meant that they were targets for getting kidnapped. The first person was kidnapped 1st ,next, the second person. And Arun knew for sure who was behind it. And 24 hours late He was in front of flashing Cameras and mikes.

"Sir, how could you crack the case within such a short span-with point accuracy?? the media reporters Clicked away as they asked.

"Well, it was simple; the barber gave himself away by making those marks on his targets. And Yeah, the beggar was his assistant in the kidnap. To mark his targets doubly, He sent food packets or marking identities to the beggar. The beggar was the disguise the kidnapper used, and after noting his targets, they executed their well- find the planned Kidnap.

For the hidden clue the barber left for us, my team and I took time. Once the clue was out, we got to the barber, did our procedures, got our information, attacked the kidnappers, and got the information, the main intention to kidnap was money. You know the rest", Said Arun moving away. The reporters were satisfied so was Arun as he walked with a smile.

Hey reader! This was just a glimpse of the shrewdness of Arun Kumas IPS. But, There is something else.

There is a boy whose thirst caused the story. Thirst of passion, I must. So his name is Ram, from Andhra Pradesh, and he joined a completely new journey after this story which I shall tell you now.

2022, Ayurvedic Medical college, Karnataka

It was Day- 1, and the auditoriums got filled with new faces. The first year Students had gathered, and they were waiting for the teacher to address them.

"Hi, everyone. Good morning. Today we will begin this event by asking you guys to come to the stage and tell us something about yourself. Tell us where you are from, why you choose Ayurveda, and anything you like, so over to you guys", said the Teacher.

While everybody was in confusion as to who should go first, many looked around at each other with shy, questioning faces.

Even as anything more would happen, there walked up to the stage a boy of average height, good build, wore spectacles. clean-shaven and about 20 years of age.

"Hi everyone",He said in a cool, carefree attitude and style. "My name is Ram."

I am from Andhra Pradesh. I guess you guys will know me better after my speech because the speech only lasts a minute. But, our stay together will last 5 years And yeah, regarding why I took Ayurveda.

Because Ayurveda is Ayurveda only,

Ayurveda is not allopathy; it is not homeopathy; it can't be mixed and twisted and turned and...

Yeah, So since Ayurveda has no chance of being any other science, Since it is a brand by itself, just like how I am my brand, I choose Ayurveda.

So impatient listeners, I am done. Next person, please come before people may throw me out, Come come come...",saying so exited the stage.

So, readers, that was the guy Ram I was talking about—a cool and carefree guy—an Ayurvedic student. He soon realized that the Ayurvedic course was a true brand. Because in one class, You study the complex neuroanatomical function of the Prefrontal cortex, the Blood-brain barrier, the cubital fossa & blood supply, etc.

In the very next class, you study that when the manas, Atma, indriyas, and arthas are together, the jnanotpatti occurs. But, let me tell you, while Ram was in confusion, Arun was in celebration, and there was a third person in research meditation - Walter.

2022, unknown location, Midnight

It was midnight, the time when devils walked around. The streets wore a deserted look, and there was no movement. Far away from the streets, in the mid of the night, one could see the graveyard. It was the last place on earth a person would visit, at least at that midnight hour. And this night was creepier.

The owls hooted; the sounds of winding hitting made it look ghostly. It was the perfect night for something gruesome to occur at the graveyard.

Suddenly, one of the Graves opened, and from it emerged a man. Spooky eyes, horn-rimmed Spectacles, white dress, and if you or I would have seen him in that situation, we wouldn't have been alive.

So, the man emerged from the grave and walked out like a ghost, was he a ghost or a man? a few minutes ago, you could have seen him work. Deep below the cemetery, under a chamber of dark secrets, lay a well-lit, Sophisticated chamber where this man had been working a few minutes, probably 30 minutes ago.

Realizing that it was late, he wound up his work, walked from the well-lit area into the dark, climbed a staircase, and in a moment, he was in complete darkness.

He did not utter a word, nor did he flash his torch. He began to feel his way out. He remembered how tough it had been initially. He even remembered screaming out, but fortunately, when he screamed in fear, his voice would run dry after a second or two.

As he passed the area, which seemed like a funnel, he suddenly froze. He felt someone touch his hand. He was sure it was a human. But within 3 seconds, the touch was gone. He was relieved and moved further.

He remembered the first day of the work he did,

"I am assigning you this task because you are capable. Many people have gone missing in this maze underneath the graveyard. Some have been found in the graves of others, but you have not only reached your right location but also come through it. Now, as I promised you, here is the top-class facility equipment, All for you. All you need has been granted. Now, use your skill and get me what we wanted."

The chilling voice of his employer thrilled him.

He then began to work at his home.

Why will Professor Walter be home early? "He will take till midnight to help poor children; he could hear his wife say. Yeah, the excuse he gave at home for coming late was special classes for poor children.

Oh yeah. His name is Walter. Walter Cowan, a Physics professor at the top institute, had bagged Msc. Nanoscience, gold medal. He even went on to work in other sciences.

But, what defined him was the publishing of his paper on "Mystery fog and sound dynamics" in Nature magazine.

This paper hit the headlines, no doubt, but it also gave him his current job. The importance of his paper to the field of History Stunned him. He was employed to work into the night by a person who realized that his paper was crucial for history. The secret lab had been built under the city's dreaded graveyard.

Secrecy was essential; except for associates working on the project, nobody had a clue about it. But, the lack of a specific target made Walter feel the project was a brilliant idea that headed nowhere. He also began to feel that the secrecy was compromised. He felt he lacked something in this work. To add trouble, the lab was built below the maze, which was very spooky. He was accustomed to crossing it, too but not all.

Amid all these troubles, there came a link, a Connection. I told you of 3 characters and their independent lives - now I shall tell you of their first connection, how they got connected, and The fascinating story that followed.

A background would be:

IPS Arun Kumar got a transfer. He was thrilled; it was from the fast East Coast to the west coast. He was transferred from Vizag to Mangalore. More than all, Mangalore was his sentimental city as his childhood he had spent in the school and hostel of Mangalore before he shifted for higher studies to his native.

The memories of his childhood & schooldays Come rushing to him. He reached Mangalore for His job, and little did he realise life would be completely different

Glossary of chapter 1

The glossary contains some brief description of the terms in the chapter

Ayurveda:

Derived from the two words "Ayu" meaning life and "Veda" meaning science, it's the oldest Medical system that originated & is still in practice today. The legend of how Ayurveda originated, how it is eternal are mentioned in the Appendix.

BAMS:

Bachelor of Ayurvedic Medicine and Surgery (B.A.M.S.) is a professional degree focused on Ayurveda offered in India, Nepal, Bangladesh, and Sri Lanka. Degree course in Ayurveda (B A M) was introduced in 1971, replacing diploma courses of Ayurveda which existed before

1970. An improved national Syllabus came in 1979 by name BAMS (Ayurvedacharya) and is currently approved by the Government. For more details regarding Surgery in current Ayurvedic practice etc, refer to appendix.

Chapter: Lover boy's woes & meeting the dark

2022, Ayurvedic Medical College

It was the first anatomy, and as the student's class introduced osteology, we were taught various bones of the body.

After the class, Ram was studying the bones and found it difficult to study the carpal bones and found it very difficult, He lifted the textbook and read them aloud,

"Scaphoid, Lunate, Triquetrum, Pisiform, (Proximally)
Trapezium, Trapezoid, Capitate, Hamate(Distally) ".

All sounded like Greek and Latin; at least he could understand Sanskrit much better. His eye then came across a mnemonic or short form to by-heart it.

"She Looks Too Pretty,
Try To Catch Her", read the mnemonic.

"Who's she," he said as he put the book down. To the wonder of wonders, he saw in front of his eyes he saw her. beautiful She looked, a small face, falling hair, twinkling eyes, and lean but beautiful frame; she seemed to be speaking to someone.

She indeed looks too pretty let's try to catch her," Ram Couldn't help saying as he got up. But even before he could reach her,

She moved with quick speed away, and Ram couldn't catch her. "Oh!!! I should have been faster!" he thought to himself.

From that day, life was different for Ram. He first tried to find out her name. He first checked the class (1st year) roll no list. He found many names; he quickly byhearted them. He then observed the next class when the attendance was being called out.

He kept secretly looking at her, Whenever a girl's name was called out. Finally, When his roll no was called out "Roll No 75, T Ramprasad", he raised and later Roll NO77, Ankita, he saw her raise. It appeared. as though the whole world stopped for him. "U 77, ANKITA", called out the teacher.

"ANKITA What a nice name. Just two roll no's after me... we can make an awesome pair" his mind began to wander.

"Hey Ankita, you have made a mark [MARK here refers to the meaning of the Sanskrit word Ankita] in my college life", he muttered to himself. Truly said his attendance in the class was majorly due to her. His Classes became partly filled with knowledge and the remaining part with admiring her. Whenever she would look at him, he would fake a cough or a sneeze as an excuse to cover his blush that came out spontaneously. He first tried to get close to her. He made a list of her friends circle, observed which friend she was close to, watched movies of love stories, and googled how to impress a girl. and participated in events and meetings.

She participated, and the list continued. He never got a single occasion that was Solid enough to make her flat for him.

In that situation, he began to lose patience. He wanted one opportunity. He thus found all her likes, dislikes, etc. One day, he thought he found an opportunity. He saw that Ankita was passionate about Ayurvedic Anatomy.

"According to our Acharya, there are 700 (siras) in the body, all originating from the nabhi (umbilical region) and spread throughout the body" the lecture seemed to say.

After the conclusion of the class, He went to the lecturers, and he was accompanied by Ankita.

The previous night, Ram had studied the topic and prepared a genuine doubt. He now impresses Ankita with his intellectual knowledge.

"Sir, I have a doubt," began Ankita to the lectures before Rame

"Sir, how can you correlate veins in modern terminology to सिरा (Siras) just by definition of the word sira?

The definition means that in which Something flows. But, many other Structures have flow in them. And the number of veins in the body is not 700 if I am not wrong," Ankita asked in genuine concern.

"See, what you said is right. But, the definition of other tubular structures is -

ध्मानात् धमनी that which pulsates.

स्रवणात् स्रोतांसि - that from which Oozing/leaking occurs.

So, that which pulsates can be correlated to the artery, and that which oozes may be capillary. Coming to 700, do you know how many veins are present in the body", the Lecturer asked her?

Before she could answer, Ram, who knew that She did not know the answer sprang forward and said, "Sir, there are 34 main veins of the body and various other veins that vary from person to person. The number is variable due to the accumulation of different bulk in man. So, 34 are fixed, remaining Variable based on muscle bulk.

But, Sir, 700 may not be the case in all. And also, the functions of veins, as told by Acharyas, are not fully same with the function of veins" Ram ended up saying, "See, both are right. But do we know, or can we correlate anything else to veins? No. Even in that context, we need to see where in which shloka has Acharya as used the word; it may change; the meaning may be according to contexts. But based on the definition, some recent scholars have correlated sira to the vein."

The lecturer gave an ultimate conclusion.

Ram was not satisfied, nor was Ankita. TO represent her, Ram began again.

"Sir; why is there so much ambiguity? Our acharyas are Supposed to be followed implicitly. But, we do have ambiguity in their words. Why, sir ???

"Two problems Ram,

1. Language

The texts are all written in Sanskrit, and while translating one language into another, a lot of essences Can be lost. you just saw that in the case of Sira and vein.

2. It is said that to know someone, we must look through their eyes.

If we see through these eyes, we Can understand their viewpoint. But unfortunately, Acharyas did not grant us that good fortune. We have no clue how they experimented with physiology; we just have clues about Some of their techniques. Sometimes, neither archaeological evidence nor literary evidence proves that some Acharyas as a person and not a group of people. With such accounts, we can hardly empathize with them", The lectures patiently said.

It was time to go, although there were unanswered questions & so Ram and Ankita thanked the lecturer as they left.

As they were moving to their respective hostels, Ram and Ankita were in deep discussion.

"Hey, Ram! Awesome question, But I wonder why and how science can run with such ambiguities Said Ankita seriously.

Ram was in 7th heaven; he had finally impressed her. Cool! He wanted to throw a party. But, the present question made him think. He began to think & Answer, "Yeah, Ankita! I think you are right. There are ambiguities in Ayurveda.

But its principles are eternal, its medicinal drugs are life-saving, and its result is fascinating. That is why you have Pure Ayurvedic hospitals, doctors, and people coming to Ayurveda, and even today, it is globally acclaimed."

His answer was satisfying, and he wanted to add more. It could have been a better evening if the hostels they stayed were even farther. But as Ankita arrived at the hostel, Ram had to say formalities, "Pleasure meeting you.

We'll catch up again," etc. He hid the disappointment on his face and walked as he reached his hostel.

As he was wandering his day out, he picked up the phone and dialed a number. Yes, it was a number he had written secretly during class hours. Their class of 100 was yet to establish a Social media platform to chat; they, therefore, took each other's numbers only when required.

So, Ram secretly got Ankita's number. But little did he realize that it wasn't her number. The last digit Of Ankita's number was 9. On the Other hand, this number had 6 as the last digit, although the rest of the number was the same.

The phone call was yet to connect; there were many rings, and Ram was deciding what to speak when the call connected.

As the phone connected, he hurriedly excitedly said, "Hey Ankita, It is me, Ram. I wanted to tell you something about the historical evidence of Acharyas," he would have continued if the person at the other end would say Hello seriously.

He was confused. "Hello, Ankita? Is it you? "Sorry, young man, wrong number. This is Walter speaking. and I know no one by the name of Ankita. Who are you?"

Sir, really sorry. Wrong number; I did not mean to Call you.

Anyways have a good day, so Ram was about to hang up when Walter. requested, "Hang on a sec! so, Ram, are you a historian or something? You mentioned something regarding historical evidence.

"NO, Sir, don't get me wrong, I just had something to do with Ayurveda Acharyas or the authors of Samhitas.

They related historical evidence. I am just a Student of Ayurveda. Ram was looking to conclude.

ok so, tell me one thing

Young man. I am a physicist and a Scientist who can give help to history. But, I lack something, a specific goal in my work. I sense you have the G key to my work. Could you please tell me What evidence you have, Acharya? I am not a good history teacher?" Ram was getting impatient.

"Now, sir, I don't understand what you are saying. But regarding Acharyas, we don't have a solid archaeological record. or literary evidence to prove Acharyas existed. Their period is placed. based on internal literary means and is not backed up by solid external evidence.

"Listen, Ram. I have something that will get you answers to your question. Do you think only archaeological and literary evidence are used to determine the events of history?"

Walter asked.

Ram understood that this man wasn't going to leave him soon. So, he patiently. carried further the conversation,

"Yes, sir, as of now, these two are the broad categories under which all historical evidence is based. "But what if I tell you? you? There is more convincing evidence"- the voice of the Acharyas. What if I tell you I can find it with your help?

The physicist had a thrill in his voice.

"Sir, I seriously think you may be kidding me. How can the voice of people who lived thousands of years back exist till date?" Ram was serious.

"Young man, I cannot explain Confidential matters over the phone. If you come over, I can help you, " the scientist concluded.

"Ok, sir, you sound interesting and genuine. So, tell me, where can I meet you and when?"

2022, Midnight, the graveyard

Leaves moved, and the wind made rustling sounds. The area was deserted as before, except for a single person- It was Ram. He sneaked out of the hostel late at night, got onto his bike, and rode to the graveyard.

He walked up to a grave (shivering), as told by Walter.

Though his hand moved continuously due to fright and fear, he found the grave to be an opening; he quickly opened it and got into it. Pitch dark, darkness the area. He even thought he was asleep or dead. He did not put on a torch, nor did he make unnecessary sounds.

"open the grave you see on the 3rd left, and through it, enter the maze after a fleet of stairs.

You must desist from using torch light or making sounds, come through the maze only feeling your way," he remembered Walter saying.

Ram came across many paths; he crawled some, he held on to the wall for some, and three times, his front came to a dead end. He kicked, cursed, and moved on." He could, at places, feel the touch of humans; maybe someone was with him. But, he desisted from speaking or touching back & moved on.

It was an hour ago that Walter had called Ram and known his position in the graveyard. Did Ram lose his way? Or did something outward happen to Ram? What happened?" Such questions flooded Walter's mind,

The fellow physicists with Walter began to talk, "Maybe he is just a boy. Maybe you made the wrong choice of getting him into something he does not know, for Maybe you should find him and drop him home. Do something, Walter? They worked. "What can I do? I don't know if he lost his way in the maze. If he is lost, how do I even know his location?" Walter said worriedly. He, too, was Afraid.

"You already know, sir, there is the boy you wanted to meet," Ram voice emerged from the stairs above; descending came Ram; he was tired and frightened but successful in his 1st task. Walter was delighted; after a brief handshake with Ram and an introduction to his fellow scientists, Walter took Ram with him and began his explanation. The explanation

which Walter owed the young man by Ram. So, to begin with, what do you understand The term Sound," asked Walter.

Ram knew he was talking to a Scientist. So, he began with a scientific note.

"Sir, my understanding of, The science that I studied till last year gives rise to this picture of sound-

Firstly, Sound is a wave and a form of energy, has a wave nature and travels at around 340 m/s. It is a transverse wave. It has amplitude and frequency. sound independently cannot be recorded. To record sound, one must use a device to convert it into an electromagnetic wave and then store it. when the recorded sound is played, the electromagnetic wave is converted back to a sound wave for the ear to perceive it."

" So you do know quite a bit, young man," Walter appreciated.

" Also, sir, you mentioned hearing the sound of the dead; I researched. it by studying a few articles on Google.All of them denied it. There exists Sound mimicry, which plays a dead person's voice; You can get the voice to say what u want to hear But hearing a voice and what they spoke years ago is impossible. Maybe there is a chance, and that is what happens in psychosomatic disorders or ailments?"

"What Google says is impossible, what you can claim cannot be done what is unbelievable is now believable
you want to know how
let me explain:

Researchers in Antarctica discovered the presence of dense Fog that enveloped the entire landmass, and that was groundbreaking research done by. The discovery of the fog was both a good and a very bad one. When they discovered it, they found a series of voices in the fog, some screams, some shouts, some speeches, and many more.

They were scared beyond measure, and some of them stopped the research, but a few of them continued the Research
found that thick fog wasn't fog but was the collection of sounds, the sounds or voices given out by people from various parts of the globe.

They further found that sounds belong to the past, some immediate past and some deep past. I was also a part of the research and found that these sounds were not the fog, but the fog was nothing but the collection of sound.

Being a physicist, I managed to explain the Dynamics of the fog, the sound, and the working as per the science we have

But it was only later that I realized that this had an intense impact on history. If we know what people spoke in the past, verifying what the archaeological and literal evidence have in store is very easy, but true and more accurate history can be pinned down.

But a Fog in Antarctica cannot determine world history; back in India, I began to research how this fog was created.

Later, I was approached by the man who owns this lab to help me create the fog back, and now we are in fast development technology to hear the sounds we want.

As of now, we developed a machine that can filter sounds of a singular frequency and let us hear them.

"But Walter, sir, I wanted to know how you lack a purpose.

you had all the resources at your disposal. You have a great task ahead. Everything is now in your hands. Why do you need me to complete your work?

"A very good question, The first part where my work is incomplete is how to filter the years. There is a wide range of sounds when the fog is created artificially or naturally.

The sounds we hear vary from the sounds of yesterday to the sounds of million years back. I am into developing a filter that can give a sound with the precise date it was produced.

To the second part, as it told you, I will soon be developing the machine and the filter, but what sound is useful for mankind? Any work taken up must only be useful for the greater good of humanity, let it be Inside science, economy, Technology, and probably any field.

I could not identify one historical event which can help the problems of man today. When I was frustrated and devastated, you showed me the way out!"

" I understand, sir, Ayurveda is the science of life. If you find the voice of Ayurveda, you can Discover a lot of medicine and even help us humanity", Ram said understandingly.

"You are indeed smart enough.

Now we gotta get to work. You tell me what you know about Acharya's, and I will help you find the evidence."

Glossary of chapter 2

Sira, dhamani & srotas- In Ayurveda, the conduction system of the body is carried out by structures called Siras & Dhamanis. These terms are also found in regional languages. Srotas on the other hand refers to channels or openings. They can be correlated to the systems in the body. The discussion about these structures is based on real discussions & for more information, refer Appendix.

Finding sound- Sound is a wave and a form of energy, has a wave nature and travels at around 340 m/s. It is a transverse wave. It has amplitude and frequency. sound independently cannot be recorded. To record sound, one must use a device to convert it into an electromagnetic wave and then store it. When the recorded sound is played, the electromagnetic wave is converted back to a sound wave for the ear to perceive it. This is the perception of sound by a physicist. Some believe that the sounds- voices spoken by us are recorded in the air. There is however no scientific evidence for this claim. But what does this story have regarding this? Read on..

Chapter: police & trouble

2022, Police Station, Mangalore

SP Arun Kumar was now in 7th heaven.

It had been quite some time since he shifted to Mangalore, and now he was well-established in the city.

The West Coast was much better than the East. The people were very friendly and cooperative, making jobs easy.

That day, an old man came to the police station, and there was a hustle with the constables. Arun immediately went out of his office to see the commotion.

"You yourself are our grandfather's age, and you believe that your grandfather told you this? Is this a joke?", he could hear the head constable trying to shoo away an old man.

Arun immediately came to the scene to clear things out, but as he came, he was in for a shock. He found the old man to be a close acquaintance.

The Watchmen of a school during his school days. Immediately He ordered the constable to stop, asked them to leave, and took the man to his chamber; he offered the man a cup of coffee

"Do you recognize me, uncle? I am Arun, the boy who used to hit our school almost every day for a mistake!"

The old man scratched his head, trying to recall Arun.

"Which Arun?? I know of many boys by that name in our hostel and school but ahhhh.."

"Just a minute, uncle, let me show you my childhood picture", Arun opened his mobile and showed his childhood picture.

"I can't believe it is you. Not a single day in your school days went without me giving you a whack", the man burst out into laughter.

"Yes Uncle, there was one particular time, in this incident, you got me red-handed eating pizza prepared for a food festival.

I remember those days when in the 1990's Pizza had not yet dominated every lane, and yet we cooked it and..... And uncle, I still remember you telling me that your grandfather told you that I was eating pizzas", Arun collapsed into laughter.

But as he saw the man in front, he was shocked. This man was tense, frightened, worried, and apologetic.

"I am sorry, Arun beta... I shouldn't have told you that way...now it is truly happening Truth should always be spoken...."now the man was almost in tears.

"Uncle, what happened to you ?

Are you alright? Please don't cry... I am now the SP of the police; I can help you in case you have any problems. Tell me do you have any land disputes, or if someone is threatening you?"

"It is not someone, I can hear my ajja's (grandfather's) voice, and nobody believes me."

The man begins to sob.

Now even Arun did not want to believe the watchman, but he had to support the elder emotionally, though the man was unstable mentally due to age and other issues. But he decided to inquire further, "So uncle, tell me more about what happened."

2022, Near Kapalika Graveyard, the watchman's house, Midnight

As told by the SP, the Other police constables lay in position. One of them lay on the ground without a pillow and placed his ear on the ground; some constables waited outside the house.

Arun the SP, was supervising all the arrangements,

He repeatedly spoke over the Walkie Talkie, " Gamma to Delta calling, do you hear me?" " Delta to Gamma receiving, " "Gamma to Delta calling," " Do you see any suspicious activity?" " Delta to Gamma calling, negative sir, negative." okay, Delta, stay alert over," Arun spoke to his associate.

Arun waited. He had heard from the Watchman how the previous night,

The watchman Fell asleep on the ground. He was sick and could hear voices, but more importantly, around midnight, he heard eerie sounds that sounded like his grandfather.

They were emerging from the ground, and this man immediately screamed and ran out of his house. He ran to the nearest house in the neighborhood and spent the night there. He did not hear such sounds there but was scared to go to his house again due to the incident...

In the entire narration, Arun became suspicious of three details:

sounds emerging from the ground,

sounds only after midnight,

sounds only in his house ...

This meant the sounds had something to do with the underground. They were only restricted to that area, indicating some underground activities there at midnight.

So, he got all his men to secure the perimeter from the house to a few km away. Many police hesitated since there was a graveyard in the range; the famous haunted Kapalika graveyard had a reputation for being Haunted, and not many people lived around it. The residents of nearby areas never come out of the house at midnight.

The police were naturally scared, but Arun assured them that nothing was wrong, the police stayed on a vigil till midnight, and there were no sounds till midnight. The police of frighten and restless around midnight or so; the sounds could be heard it was a person sleeping on the floor who got the first indications that made men almost run and fear; if not for Arun, the men would have run away from there, but Arun waited and watched while all other looked for Altar in the Watchman's house or some Gods picture nearby. Arun heard those sounds.

It was something more than natural sounds as it did not reverberate for long distances, the sounds that could not be so loud if a person was sleeping on a cot. Around half an hour later, the sound stopped and still.

Arun pulled out his gun and immediately began to move in the direction of the graveyard. He did not enter it outside it to the fear and dismay of the other police.

He expected the sound to rise, but nothing happened. After a few minutes, he moved away from the graveyard and walked back to the house. "Watch anyone who passes in this route," he said as he walked in.

Two minutes later, a bike passed. The constables heard it and stopped the rider. Through the house window, Arun could see what was happening.

"What the hell are you doing at this hour of the night in this area Mr?" The policeman asked the rider. "Excuse me Sir, I am a scientist. I am also a physics professor. I had the opportunity of teaching science to some underprivileged children who live on the other side of the graveyard. This is one of my students whom I asked to drop at home" the man said. "What a story, what is your name Walter sir and he is Ram. See Mr Walter if you are going to tell me more stories I will extract the truth from you", the policeman said threateningly.

Arun who was watching suddenly came out and said, "Sir, leave them seem genuine. Also he is a respected professor, so leave him". "But sir....." "I insist," ordered Arun. "Thank you sir, good night," said Ram as he drove the bike with great speed and was gone.

"Why did you leave them so easily sir?" the policeman asked. "Do you really think I left them? Now they are our lead in this case. Follow them, get all details about them, where they live, what they do, their connections, common friends, etc., everything about them," ordered Arun.

Within a week, the police had gathered full details of Ram and Walter except their night visits. After having got complete information, Arun then asked his men to tail them for 2 days.

Initially, the constables found nothing suspicious about Ram or Walter. But, by the end of the second day, they reported to Arun how both the men had gone into the graveyard at night. Arun immediately set out for the graveyard.

The constables in the area refused to step into the graveyard due to fear and Arun could not force them. So, he stepped inside alone with a fully loaded pistol. He was a brave man and believed that the supernatural is a matter of faith. He stepped into the place, as told by the constables, opened one of the graves and went inside.

It was pitch dark, Arun felt the steps and climbed down. For the first time in his life, he felt fear. He climbed down and switched his mobile torch on. To his horror, he saw on the wall next to him, large number of snakes. Though very scared, he got the idea to immediately switch off the torch and move forward to a relatively safer position.

He moved on and again put the torch on. This time he saw, to his pure horror, men in front of him. They looked like tribesmen. They were very strange and fearsome. Was it an illusion? Before he thought completely, a dart just missed his shoulder and jammed into a wall behind. He pulled out his gun for a few rounds of firing and put off the light.

He felt very frightened as he moved further, his heartbeat grew and he sensed something worse was ahead. He suddenly felt the ground below him sink and was thrown in the air. Before he could fall, he suddenly felt bound by two ropes that threw him elsewhere. He could not sense anything as to who was hitting, who was throwing him etc. When he finally landed

on the ground, his forehead jammed into a hard surface. To his utter relief, it was the steps. He quickly crawled up the stairs and pushed himself out of the grave. He was sweating profusely, blood trickled quickly around his forehead, he was in extreme fear. He had stepped out through a different grave instead of the grave he entered. He ran out of the graveyard.

Few minutes later, he was refreshed and his wound was dressed. He also called for a meeting. "The graveyard must be destroyed as soon as possible. Under it lies secrets that are incomprehensible, they cannot be understood and cause harm to people. Let us all take the decision to destroy the graveyard and the dark secrets buried within," Arun said.

One of the senior officers laid his concern, "Arun, I understand your fear. But without solid evidence, blasting a religious sentimental place like that won't be easy."

"Very well said sir. Therefore, I have with me the evidence," said Arun as he handed over the pen-camera to the officer. It precisely recorded Arun's journey in the maze." This is it, this is enough to destroy it, we will get it done soon," the officer said.

2022, on the day of blasting of graveyard, Secret lab below

Deep in the lab, Ram and Walter lay in discussion. They were inch-close to discovering the voice of Acharya.

Earlier, Ram had presented- "Walter sir, among the writers of Samhitas, the Brihat traye (the three most important texts of Ayurveda); the historical evidence of their existence is heavily uncertain. Acharya Charaka is said to have existed but there is uncertainty if Charaka was a single person or a group of people. There is also ambiguity regarding Sushruta. Only Acharya Vagbhatta has some certainty.

"Now who is this Acharya?", asked curious Walter. "Sir, you may have heard of Acharya Charaka who was famous for his treatments, you may have heard of Acharya Sushruta due to his contribution to the recently born field of plastic surgery, but Acharya Vagbhatta was a great person who wrote the Samhita – Ashtanga Hridaya. This book is the compilation of both works of Charaka and Sushruta, it has only the essence, it is a poetic form text, highly valuable and deals with all eight branches of Ayurveda," said Ram.

"Impressive. Any history about him?", Walter asked Ram. "Sir, though there is ambiguity in his history too, his time period can be dated to around 4th to 5th century CE. There is an ambiguity if his period matches with his work. Also, there is an ambiguity if he was a single person or two.

"But one reason we can consider him is he is better known and has a time period that is later than Charaka and Sushruta," Ram explained.

"So, let us give it a try. Let us say Vagbhatta existed between 500 CE to 650 CE. Let us apply the filter.

Now, what frequency do you think will be Acharya's voice?" asked Walter. "Sir, that is our guesswork. You have successfully shown how to filter year-wise but, it is a matter pure guesswork for us to find about frequency. Let us try all voices of the 4th and 5th century CE," said Ram.

Walter nodded and as he was about to start the process of obtaining the voices, deafening sounds emerged. One of the scientists came running. "Sir, we are being blown up from above. Something needs to be done, please come quickly," she called Walter.

The blasting using dynamites had just begun. The police were asked to carry out the operation at night giving minimal damage to activities of civilians. So, the police did as they were told. Arun got dynamites fit to various locations of the graveyard and it was operated manually by policemen who were at a safe distance. Arun had allowed them to start the blasting.

Suddenly, something hit Arun so badly that he was unstable. It was not a physical hit, but a fact that Walter and Ram maybe inside the grave!

He had to confirm it. He called the men who were tailing them both. Initially both were affirmative for presence in the area, but upon close observation, both Ram and Walter were missing from their homes and hotels. Arun then asked the constables if anyone went to the graveyard before the dynamites were set up. The constables informed Arun that two people – a boy and a man had gone inside and not come out.

“Shit! Why didn’t you inform this to me earlier? What will happen if they lose their lives? I have to stop this.” He picked up the walkie-talkie, “Rama calling Bharata, Rama to Bharata”. “Bharata to Rama, we have just blown off the sides using dynamites”. “Rama to Bharata. Please stop, do you copy that, please stop.....,” Arun was screaming. “Bharata to Rama, copy that. But since some dynamites are close to one another such that one blast may trigger the blasting of all, it is very difficult to say when it was blasted.

“Rama to Bharata, I said immediately cease the manual blasting. Automatic blasting happens, but prevent manual blasting. Over,” said Arun as he disconnected very sadly.

“Sir, they will come out safe, you don’t take tension about them, just relax,” the constable tried telling Arun.

“No, I feel I must go and get them. Even if a single innocent life is lost because of me, I cannot live in peace,” saying so, Arun ran into the graveyard. The dynamites had already burst the corners of the graveyard. It would be a matter of time the entire graveyard would be in pebbles.

Though manual blasting stopped, the blasts continued and Arun, really worried, stepped into the grave. He put on the torch, reached the end of the stairs and shouted in his loudest voice, “ WALTER SIR RAM ARE YOU THERE ?”, there was no response.

“PLEASE RESPOND, I AM HERE TO HELP YOU,” Arun screamed. In frustration, he shot three shots into the air. Still, he did not hear any response. Thinking that they were as good as dead, he slowly began to climb up the steps, he had clearly failed as a human being. He thought it was over.

It was precisely at that moment he heard a deafening explosion and the result of the explosion saw everything under the flight of steps being reduced to pebbles. He did not have the heart to get out. “Poor people, they would have got killed in such an explosion. If only I could use my brain for saving lives,” he thought. Suddenly, he saw some movement under the stairs, someone was trying to crawl up the stairs, they just managed to surface from the pebbles. “Give me your hand, quickly. Come on,” shouted Arun. He quickly pulled up the person to the flight of steps.

It was Ram! “Ram? Where are Walter sir and others?”, Arun enquired. “This steps will collapse too soon. We need to get out. Where are they?” Another hand came out of the pebbles, Arun with great technique brought the person out. Meanwhile, Ram climbed the end of the steps and was in a position to jump out of the grave. “Sir, should I?”, asked Ram before he could. “Do it NOW !!!”, he felt the urgency in Arun’s voice. He jumped out and moments later, he was lying on the ground, next to him lay graves.

Moments later, Walter, Arun and one of the scientists also was with Ram. They just managed to escape before the dynamite blew up the grave.

“They got up slowly and moved away from the graveyard. A sudden blast sent them flying in the air. Ram was the first to recover, he found himself lying on the floor and a ringing in his ear. He slowly opened his eyes. He could find Arun lying near him. He was relieved that they were safe or he thought so. With the corner of his eye, he saw something, a dynamite about to blast! “Sir!”, he screamed.

4 years later: end of a beginning?

2026, Ayurvedic college auditorium

"Today being the grand occasion of celebration of Ashtanga Hridaya Parayana, we welcome the chief guest Dr. Walter Cowan to grace this event," said the speaker in the beautifully decorated auditorium. Walter was very happy to be seated on the dais as the chief guest. It was 4 years since the fateful day and he had grown from a teacher to a research scholar and also a reputed scientist.

"Before the address of the chief guest, we would like to call upon Ankita, final year student to give the introductory talk followed by the address of the chief guest," announced the speaker.

Walking onto the dais, Ankita was now a beautiful young girl. She looked even prettier than the first time Ram saw her. She walked up to the mic. "A very good morning to one and all gathered on this occasion. It is my pleasure to give this introductory talk.

"The Ashtanga Hridaya is the friend of all our first-year students due to short, concise and poetic content. The author of the text – Vagbhatta is a very great man. Though his history is not completely certain, today we have his work being read all over the globe, we have institutions called hospitals that dedicate their every second to save the lives of patients using the principles of this text. Let me tell you all, the tree of Ayurveda has fruits that are enjoyed by one and all, as medical students, it is our duty to help humanity enjoy the fruits. But if you try to search for the roots..... your journey will be unending, your purpose as a physician would be lost.

"Today, you may read this Samhita or Grantha as a Parayana. Tomorrow, you should be in a position to tell others with statistics how many people have benefitted from the knowledge you gained by reading this book. With these thoughts, I conclude my speech with a quote given by my dear friend – "Get the fruits, not the roots, the fruits can help you serve as a Vaidya to humanity, if you go looking for the roots, there will be no fruits left for you. So, enjoy the fruit and appreciate the roots."

Thank you for your patient listening". Ankita concluded with a thunderous applause.

Walter walked up to the stage, "A hearty welcome to all present on this August occasion.... Today, I have heard, is the day of Parayana. Being a scientist, let me tell you a word or two about sound. When you all chant in one throat, the frequency of sound waves may send healing or re-energizing vibrations to someone in need. Remember children, there is nothing greater than that.

"Sound has the power to give man something he cannot achieve normally. Remember, that is why the seers and saints said – "Shabda Bramhamayi", sound is filled with God. Today, we are in a stage where we misuse sound, we feel it is just another thing we can use. We shout, we abuse, we lie, we scold and many more.

"But remember dear children, if this primordial sound of 'Aumkara' would not have come, the world would not have existed. If the Acharyas like Charaka, Sushruta and Vagbhatta wrote such great texts it is due to the Vedas and Vedas are Apourusheya, not of human origin. But, they are the sound of God. In deep meditation, Maharshis heard the voice of God called Vedas/ Shruti and today we have this vast science that is a small speck of the infinite ocean of Vedas.

"So, leaving you with these thoughts, I thank you for your patient listening", Walter generated another thunderous applause. After that, the Parayana began and it soaked the entire hall in bliss. And yeah, the main person chanting the Parayana was him – RAM, now with experience.

2026, meeting of high command of police, Mangalore

The officers gathered and took their respective seats. In walked the man who was the most famous Police officer, now the DGP.

All stood up to salute the young Arun Kumar, who was the DGP at the young age of 40.

When all formalities were done the man presenting began, "So sir, the 4 year case of the Kapalika graveyard resurfaced. There is suspicious activity again. What do you suggest?" asked the SP of the station- SP Varun Sharma. "Hmm... that gets me back to my old times. Report to me in case of any other solid evidence and no action until something is proved" ordered DGP Arun Kumar.

"But sir..." "Next one please? Arun said. After the brief meeting Arun was about to leave as the SP called him. "Sir, what happened to that night 4 years back?"

"Now gentleman, due to unavoidable reasons, I have to go. I think you don't mind telling it to you some other time" the DGP walked away leaving the SP shocked. As he walked away the memories of the night flashed in front of the DGP:

"Arun sir", called out Ram as he collapsed. Arun opened his eyes. and was shocked to find a dynamite very close to the place where they lay. He tried to get up they but in vain. Walter and the lady scientist lay unconscious, Ram and he lay injured on the ground. "NO!", he screamed as he closed his eyes.

He waited for the dynamite to blow up all the people. He felt he deserved to die after all, he had failed to rescue his fellow human innocents. In the nick the moment he felt the dynamite blast!

He woke up the next morning in the hospital to find that he was alive. He was informed that the dynamite that blew up was another one and before the dynamite next to them could blow up, a team of constables on watch rushed to the scene and rescued them. All were in the hospital recovering from their injuries. All had speedily recovered except the lady scientist. This hurt him immensely and till date he didn't get over the fact that he was responsible for the death of an innocent.

Even now, he was asked permission to clear the graveyard. That night, the bursting of the graveyard caused destruction to a large extent. A large extent. But a part of it remained untouched. Later there was a search team sent to rescue anyone they found in the debris. In the search team, one person found the lab that existed, the remains of the great activity. No more blasting or other was carried out in the graveyard. For 4 years now, the graveyard was

left untouched, officially ruined in graves & pebbles, the same eerie wind, the same deserted look”

Now, the SP wanted to undertake the task of complete destruction. But what the SP didn't know was the DGP when he reached below found something down the graveyard, something cannot be defined in words, he truly felt that Supernatural existed and he would never speak of what he saw to anyone even if decades were to pass.

The grave may be untouched today but many years later Somebody is definitely going to come seeking the roots.

Dear reader, my work as a writer is to warn you, thrilling it may be to go for the roots, but worthwhile, great and amazing would be the life of people who seek the fruits and make it accessible to us!

Ram, Walter and Arun told me only a single thing

"Go for something that helps you, your fellow beings. Because it is not the depth of your research papers that will make you be remembered, It is what you give others, how you keep others happy during your life that will keep you remembered."

Conclusion - a new beginning

2026, Mangalore, West Coast, Karnataka . (India)

SP Varun Sharma had been assigned the case of an unknown letter. This was a strange & high profile case where a threat was received by a Political leader in Andhra Pradesh. This case was enough to digest the curiosity of Varun, after the marriage function he attended in Machilipatnam, the DGP made sure that this high profile case was handed over to him, not because it would earn him fame if he cracked it but because Arun suspected that Varun was trying to dig his past and this case was a perfect distraction that would keep him mentally busy and thus not allowing him to concentrate on Arun at the moment.

February 2026, Udupi, Karnataka (India)

Dr. Ram that day was seated in the rotating chair behind the glass. door of the clinic. He had just received a call from Dr Prabhakar, a classmate of his who was in Andhra Pradesh. Prabhakar's senior doctor had seen a peculiar case which he transferred to Dr Ramesh. But since Dr Ramesh was absent, Ram agreed to take the case although he assured Prabhakar that Ramesh would take the case.

Currently Ram was sitting on a rotating chair when his friend and (his crush in first year) Ankita came to his clinic. "What Ankita madam! You too have a problem or what?" Ram asked sarcastically.

"Yeah, yeah, I have a mental problem", she joked. "Really, what is this," he asked her, showing 4 fingers. "One" she said sarcastically.

"When I showed 4, you are saying one. Tomorrow, you may minus that one from 4 and make it three. Finally, you end up in 143", Ram was saying with a naughty giggle when a patient arrived who changed his career completely....

February 2026, Research laboratory of Netranand, unknown location

"What's happening?" a dark guy with a good looking moustache asked commandingly. He wore frameless spectacles and one could see the fire in his eyes. He seemed to be the main head of the operation. "Sir, the frequency of the sounds could not be tolerated for a long time by our recorders. We have to turn off our recorders as well as fog recreating devices. We need to work on them and set them right. We need some time to set them right," said Guruvinder Singh, one of the scientists heading it... The man sighed as he left the room. This was an unknown location, a secret laboratory equipped with top class facilities. All working with a motto, "For the greater good". Who were these people? How did they acquire the voice of people from the 6th century? Is this truly the voice of Vagbhata? What will come out of this secret discovery?

2nd half : the protector, the student & the mystery man - Chaos in the coasts

2025, Law college Nagarjuna university, Andhra Pradesh (India)

Ravi woke up, got ready for college, he had to get going. A new day, fresh and bright it was. He wore his well polished black shoes along with his best shirt & pants. Slim but handsome as he was, he saw his reflection through the mirror. He was well-built, clean shaven except for a prominent moustache and was dynamic youth.

He rode his bike to the college & went for college in all style & class. As he finished college and was moving, He saw a girl, wheatish in complexion, her hair hanging down her shoulders let loose, her cheeks were small & shone were as though they were oiled. Her lips were pink and shone like the colour of love- The small dot on her forehead added colour to her beautiful face. And most importantly, her smile was worth his class, thought Ravi as he chuckled. She wore a red dupatta over a white kurta and a loose pant that flowed beyond her ankle. As for Ravi, it was love at first glance. He kept looking at her from a distance unnoticed, he thought. Since all were leaving after the day's college, the girl began to leave too. Ravi got onto his bike and wanted to leave for home. But, instead of heading home, the limbic system of his brain took control of the bike's accelerator & clutch, he steered the bike behind the girl and began to follow her for a long time the following continued. They crossed many roads. At times Ravi missed to keep pace. At one such instance, at the crossing of roads, Ravi found that he missed her. He was about to turn when the girl emerged from one road & moved towards another road. He quickly followed her & at the end, the girl alighted her scooty and climbed the stairs, probably to her home. Ravi's limbic system wasn't satisfied, he walked up to her & as she was about to enter her house he called, "Excuse me?" he couldn't help asking. "Do you live here", words sprang from his mouth.

To his horror, when the girl turned towards him, he found that it was not her. She wasn't the girl for who was worth all his classes, this was another girl. "Damn you! what did you do??" he couldn't help cursing internally. His face began to turn white in fear. "Excuse me", he heard a voice from behind. "Are you looking for my house?" the girl in a pink dupatta responded. "What!", the word slipped off as his face turned beetroot pink with blush. The other girl burst into laughter and both girls clapped together. Ravi was embarrassed, he did not understand. "Wait! See what happened, you followed my friend & me. we were aware of you following, So we decided to prank you. Poor fellow! (laughs...) when you stopped at crossroads, it was because we had gone to her house (the girl whom Ravi followed), she got onto her scooty and while coming out of her house, we exchanged the dupattas, you ended up following me & she followed you", the other girl was laughing all along as she said this. "Oh my God! You both are indeed clever! And must be charged with IPC Section 204 for evidence tampering. Am I right Miss Chamani", Ravi excitedly beamed excitedly. He pulled her cheeks to indicate she was duped by him & not vice versa. "So, after hearing both arguments, the court decides Chamani is guilty of following Ravi and asks Ravi to follow Chamani. That's all my Lord", said Ravi mockingly. Chamani flushed and Ravi punched lightly. "Too much studying makes you mad! "That's why I am behind you (Chuckles...) NOW, if I could know your house", Ravi burst into laughter. Thus, it was day

one of love between the two, Ravi & Chamani. Slowly days turned into weeks, weeks into months and soon they were deeply in love with each other.

2026 came in no time and they, being students of Law, visited many mock trials and internships were done by them.

During one such internship, Chamani got a call from her superior who was dealing with a real-time case. Ravi immediately rushed to meet this client. He was asked by his superior to meet the client & record his statement.

Ravi was having a tough time due to high police security and the police weren't doing their job of allowing him. So, he needed help to manage the situation, the call for help went to Chamani and she rushed to aid Ravi and record the client's statement. Chamani rushed to the scene to find that the police were very uncooperative. They didn't even allow the lawyers to the scene. Chamani tried to take control of the situation. The police refused to let her meet the client. Upon much persuasion, the police decided to let her meet her client on two conditions- she should not take cameras, or any recording devices and she could meet this man for just two minutes & leave! The deal was struck, timer was set and Chamani went in to meet the man. Two minutes later, she walked out & left without a word leaving a baffled police & Ravi. What happened? It was a mystery.

November 2025, Entercure fertility hospitals, Visakhapatnam, Andhra Pradesh (India)

The couple walked into the well built hospital, the most reputed in the city. The cases taken by the hospital were almost 99% successful.

The couple were in their 20's, they were a beautiful pair, made for each other. The husband was a man who was a 29 year old, protective man who was seen reassuring his wife. His wife was a young beautiful woman in her late twenties, just 26 or 27. As they walked into the reception, the receptionist noted their details, "Madhur, 29 yr old Male."

"Rakshita, 26 yr old, Female" " "Problem- Infertility for past two years," referred hospitals list.....

Few minutes later, they were in front of Doctor Venumadhavan the most reputed doctor in the hospital.

Time ticked and soon, they walked out. As they were moving out, an attender, dressed in white came up to them and asked, "Excuse me sir, a small request." Madhur obliged and the attender with a grasp of his hand felt the pulse of the couple.

Suddenly, his expression changed. into shock. "Sir, you seem to be at the wrong place, please heed my advice and go to the right place and for your cure", the attender seemed desperate.

Rakshita was calm. "Hello! Who are you? Attender! Your boss, the skilled & reputed Doctor himself, has given us a deadline of 4 weeks . He is so confident that he can cure us within 4 weeks. Who are you to question us", She remarked with a tinge of irritation. The attender

tried his best to tell them that he was right. He finally passed a slip of paper to Madhur. "Sir, in case you ever feel that I am right, please call me?" he left with the word of goodbye. Madhur was puzzled but didn't pay much heed to the incident. Little did they know what was their problem. The words of Dr Venu Madhavan, the stout guy with thin white beard & a french cut, rang more in their ears than a mere attender's words.

As they failed to notice, the attender slowly slipped away, got into civil dress, left the hospital & travelled far away from the city into the forests nearby.

2025, Unknown Location, somewhere in the forests of Andhra Pradesh-Chhattisgarh border

The bike drifted off from city quarters and moved into the wilderness. The rider was the same person who was dressed as an attender the other day in Entercure fertility hospital. Today was no different. It had been more than a month since the encounter with Madhur & Rakshita. The man who claimed to be an attender now moved deeper into the forest. There were hardly any signs of people. It was sun down and darkness was beginning to envelope the forest, the man parked his bike somewhere hidden in the bushes & moved further. He walked for a long distance till darkness had completely covered the forest.

He moved on foot till he came to a spot and stopped. He then made noise imitating a certain bird. For a moment, nothing happened. Soon, he heard a similar sound. Out of nowhere, a strange man emerged from darkness and greeted this man. He spoke a strange tongue, it wasn't Telugu, the official language of Andhra Pradesh, it sounded like Duruwa.

"The man is fine now, Vaidya", he Seemed to say. "let's check on him, saying so, the two went into the settlement, or that is how it looked like.

Few minutes later, the Vaidya could be seen talking to other people in their language-Duruwa. Duruwa being the local Tribal language of people living in the forests bordering Andhra Pradesh, Odisha and Chattisgarh.

The man addressed as vaidya seemed to be fluent in this language too. "He is almost completely normal now", he seemed to say to the elders, the elders thanked him a million times.

"If not for you, I'd have lost my son", the father seemed to say, "Don't say such words, he is like a son to me too", said the Vaidya.

Suddenly, a few messages sprang in his phone and he realised that someone was trying to reach him. He had to find if it was a friend or foe. He quickly asked and procured. a satellite phone owing to the bad signals in the forests. He then picked up the phone & dialled the number which tried to call him. After a few rings later, the phone connected. "Hello sir, Madhur here, I need your help immediately" the hurried & anxious voice seemed to say.

Vaidya immediately relaxed. He had numerous foes, but this was not one of them. "So Madhur, why me??" he questioned. 'Sir, we blindly trusted Dr Venumadhavan's experience. He initially got all tests done. He then tried to find the correct diagnosis, but failed. Three

weeks later,he ended up nowhere, but is still asking for two more weeks & is ready to go for IVF too. But, IVF isn't the choice for average people like us and Rakshita is very frightened. I will somehow convince him (Dr Venumadhavan) later, as of now, he refuses to listen to me and is giving false reassurances. Please sir, help me out sir,"a pitiable Madhur seemed to say.

"Alright, I'll meet you guys next week. Where, how, when and other details, I shall tell you next time",said vaidya. "Ok Sir, But who are you and what do we call you?" "You don't need to know that now, but I am called Vaidya Kumar"...

12th February 2026, Suma Convention hall Machilipatnam, Andhra Pradesh (India)

There was music in the air, the festive atmosphere, nadaswaram and panchavadyam were in full swing. It was a grand celebration on the east coast due to the wedding of a top official. Some far off relatives could be found whispering. "The Bride & Bridegroom are so influential that even DGP of Karnataka Arun Kumar is at this wedding",they whispered. "What? DGP Arun Kumar is here? And I also heard he came with family. What does his son do?"another was asked. His son is also a policeman. Like father, like son." "And guess what, they brought all the people from the west coast here",remarked another. Soon, there were shouts in the air and the mantras finally took over.

The auspicious muhurta arrived as the bridegroom tied the mangalsutra around the bride's neck.

A few hours later, one could see the couple seated on the dais to receive blessings. Among the first few guests, One could find Arun walking to the dais to bless the couple, accompanied by his family. The 41 year old DGP looked glamorous in his suit & tie, he was the same as four years back except his heart now had become mature and filled with emotion unlike the young but ruthless man he was before he entered the Kapalika graveyard case. Looking at his face however, one could judge that he had not lost his investigative abilities yet.

Next to him stood muscular his fall and 6 foot son who was built like a bull. He had a fierce moustache that dominated his black beard. He was the epitome of manliness.

Arun blessed the couple and also said, "Happy married life to both of you. And by the way, this is my Son Sreekumar, currently & the SP of Police.

Though his face looked fierce, his inside was made of a delightful & emotional person.

Sreekumar blessed and congratulated the couple. The next few guests who blessed the couple surprised Arun. "Walter! What a surprise! you are here" Arun couldn't help saying.

"Greetings Arun sir, it's been almost 4 years since we met. How are you?" Walter asked, genuinely surprised.

"Sir, you know what! I have met another person you might know", Walter seemed excited as Ram walked down the stage after congratulating the newly married couple. "Ram! What on earth are you doing here? Arun was shocked. "Hello Arun Sir! It's so nice to meet you. And Walter sir brought me here with Netra. Ohh! Sorry, I don't think you know Netra. Hey Netra, come here", Ram called the man.

From behind three people came a man in a white dress, a black tie and frameless spectacles. A dark guy with a good looking moustache, Netra was a good representation of Walter. "Allow me to introduce my nephew, Netra or Netranand. He is a scientist, currently working to complete his PHD " Walter beamed in Pride as he introduced Netra to Arun & others.

"Hey! Now I thought we guys could chat over dinner rather than stand. Why don't we all go for dinner?" asked Ram jokingly. "Well, Walter, Ram, you guys come with me. The rest of you can come again. I hope all is ok, right! You guys keep talking & we 3 will be back from dinner?"

Thus, Arun, Ram & Walter went for dinner. By the time they were back, they were surprised to see how well Sreekumar and Netra had connected. There was a man with them, a tall, lean man with an average 5'9 height, average built but large intellectual capacity. SP Varun Sharma, that was how he was called. Arun remembered this man not for a good reason though. The recent meeting of Mangalore, at the meeting of high command saw the meeting end on a bitter note as SP Varun Sharma tried to question the DGP about the adventure at Kapalika graveyard. "Extremely sorry to bother you sir, but Sreekumar sir asked me to meet him here, also the groom is a close relative of mine. Sorry sir", the man was half saluting when Arun asked him to be at ease. "We are not on duty, you can relax Varun ", Arun said to ease the man. "Guys can carry on for dinner, we'll wait till you come " said Arun leaving Varun, Netra & Sreekumar to go for dinner.

Was this meeting actually a coincidence? Who met whom? Was this a pre-planned meeting with an agenda? What was the aim? Only time could reveal.

2026, Mangalore, West Coast, Karnataka . (India)

SP Varun Sharma examined the envelope. "D-NO, 26-22-11, TFA, Malikate, Madhura apartments, Mangalore PIN-575001", The from Address on the cover seemed a bit fishy. The Area name was written after the Apartment name, no mention of state & district. Nevertheless, the postal department had done their job of posting it since, the 'To Address' was understandable.

SP Varun Sharma had been assigned the case of an unknown letter. This was a strange & high profile case where a threat was received by a Political leader in Andhra Pradesh. This case was enough to digest the curiosity of Varun, after the marriage function he attended in Machilipatnam, the DGP made sure that this high profile case was handed over to him, not because it would earn him fame if he cracked it but because Arun suspected that Varun was trying to dig his past and this case was a perfect distraction that would keep him mentally busy and thus not allowing him to concentrate on Arun at the moment. And he was right. Varun with his team were so engaged with the case. Varun called his team including two Constables & SI Mathews, a brilliant investigative officer.

He briefed them currently, "So, as you guys know the trip to Mangalore is because of this letter. It isn't a vacation. Firstly, getting into details, our leader & home minister Ramaih (Ramayya) received a very strange threat which he refuses to disclose to us. We are not

concerned about that. What concerns us is that this threat was in the form of a letter, no phone calls made, ransoms demanded, no mails received, just a letter. So, it may be taken that the threat is a small one.

But, what is surprising is that there is a mastermind and a genius behind it, we must find him". Varun's short pause was taken as an opportunity to shoot questions. "But how do you think it is done by a genius, sir? After all, sending a threat in a letter is an outdated idea," said the lady constable.

"I must acknowledge your lack of knowledge, madam" Mathews was quick to react. "The letter would have been a bad idea in case it was posted to the leader. To prove this point, we asked for the envelope. However, the envelope had

"To Address", as Bangalore/Bengaluru

"From Address" as Mangalore. Upon enquiry, we found that it wasn't our leader who received the letter in person, one of his relatives, a distant cousin of his currently in Bengaluru received the letter. The cousin saw that it wasn't addressed to him & so rushed to our hometown to hand it over to our leader. And if I am not wrong, this address in Mangalore is fake", Mathews had to conclude.

"You are wrong Mathews," Varun's voice came. This case is deep, but not enough. I received a call that there is an address with this resemblance.

Mathews was surprised. But, all of them went to that house as directed.

They did a thorough enquiry with the owner of the flat. "Varun sir, this case is deeper than you thought," Mathews had to admit at the end of the enquiry.

The team found that the owner of the house- Suresh was not linked to this in any way. 'One fine day, a man dropped in at this home quoting to be a friend of his far off cousin. Suresh invited him but the man didn't do much except ask help for posting a letter. Since it was an easy job with no risk, since any friend may expect costly gifts unlike this man, the Suresh readily agreed to help the man to the post office.

Since they needed a "From Address" the man looked at Suresh who without thinking, told his home address. Nevertheless, the man thanked him profusely, also praised his far off cousin and also revealed that he had come all the way from Udupi just to meet Suresh because his Cousin told.

Fully flattered & pleased beyond measure, Suresh also dropped this man in Mangalore bus stand & left him in the bus to Udupi'.

This story was narrated by Suresh to the police. The police enquired if the man revealed any other details. There was no other clue, not even the name of the man. "What a shame on him, sir! So unsuspecting people, they do all favours without even knowing the name of whom they helped" the main constable remarked.

"Same thing, I asked Suresh. He just said, "Sir, here in the Udupi-Mangalore area, we never start a conversation with 'who are you'. We instead start with 'how are you?' "What can I tell him in reply? I cannot answer that back as a good human being. And as of now, our duty as

Police officers is not to judge the people around but to start our enquiry right away and find the culprit. Let's get to work", Varun said finally addressing his team. They knew that their options in the investigation were limited. He gave a Sigh of helplessness. The only thing they knew of this man was that he was from Udupi. A sketch artist was called & a portrait of the man was drawn based on the inputs of Suresh and the CCTV entry. The CCTV footage of the apartment was functioning but the man had cleverly covered his face with a cap and a mask, the only visible portion was his eyes. These inputs were all they had to look for this man. And one more thing, the register of visitors did reveal his name.

'Chanakya', That's how he called himself. This was definitely not good news for the police. The mastermind was a bigger & more intelligent man than they thought. Nevertheless, 'Chanakya' is a Codename that refers to Acharya Chanakya, the foremost diplomat & shrewd politician in ancient India.

Varun & his team immediately started off for Udupi. The temple town famous for Sri Krishna Mandir, Udupi attracts tourists from all over India and abroad. What bothered Sharma was how would he find this man from such a huge population that included fixed residents & floating population of tourists?

It really tested his brain. He let the thought pass. His bus had started and he'd reach Udupi in an hour.

His thoughts drifted to how he got the case. He cursed DGP Arun for giving him a tough one! He then remembered how the day at the wedding in Machilipatnam turned to be an eventful one & if all was well, He'd be guarding the government funded laboratory that could reveal the secrets history had in its belly. "Only that day if I had not seen the DGP.."

Glossary of chapter 6

Infertility- Not getting pregnant, despite having carefully timed, unprotected sex for one year is known as infertility. The cause of infertility may be difficult to determine but may include inadequate levels of certain hormones in both men and women, and a wide variety of reasons. According to the WHO, the prevalence of primary infertility in India is between 3.9% and 16.8%. This includes 11.8% of women of reproductive age. This means 78-336 million people suffer from infertility in India alone. In many cases, underlying causes are unknown. To know about the Ayurvedic aspects of infertility, refer to appendix.

Nadi pariksha- Pulse diagnosis is a diagnostic technique used in Ayurveda, traditional Chinese medicine, traditional Mongolian medicine, Siddha medicine, traditional Tibetan medicine, and Unani.

Chapter: Shocking truths

12th February 2025, Suma Convention hall Machilipatnam, Andhra Pradesh (India)

Arun had just gone for dinner with Walter & Ram. Sreekumar was talking to Netranand. "Nice meeting you sir! How are you, How is your job....", the worldly affairs got gradually replaced with, "Sir, you are a great scientist. What do you dream of achieving with your vast knowledge?" Netra took a deep breath and was about to begin when he was interrupted by a voice. "Pardon me Netra Sir, Can I answer this question?" Varun Sharma intruded and could find Netra frowning.

"Ohh, sorry, I'm Varun Sharma, SP of police, friend of Sreekumar I am here to help you guys have a memorable evening & a little else" Varun gave a jovial expression. "Not a bad introduction my boy! Netra couldn't help admiring. "So as a police, you have followed me so much to know my dreams & ambitions. So, fill up the blanks, could you," "Netra said wittily & sarcastically.

"Well Mr. Netra, Netranand, I don't have the honours of completely filling up the blanks. But Sreekumar, let me tell you this gentleman achieved a lot in Physics, conventional mechanics and sound acoustics. But his main aim-to complete the unfinished work of his uncle -Walter by reviving the voice of the historical figure Vagbhata. Recently, a government order was granted to him saying that the government would fund his expenditures, he can demand police protection at any time for his sophisticated lab and last but not least, he shall be granted all patent rights once he gets his breakthrough of discovering the secrets that lay in the voice of Vagbhata", Varun finished on a jaw-dropping note as Netra couldn't help appreciating the effort this young man had spent to collect his information.

"And let me tell you how he pulled it off", Sreekumar had to add in order to save his skin. "This guy always wanted to know what my father DGP Arun was upto. He conducted individual reports in kapalika graveyard and without my father's notice and yeah, I was aware of his acts though I didn't tell my father. But yeah, soon he found out from the constables who worked with father on the blasting mission & got to know about Ram & Walter. He then scanned the biodata of Walter and got to know what Walter's research was, he then scanned the history & family of Walter & their recent achievements. He traced the government orders and patents you received and yeah, he found you. And that's why he is here with us for this wedding, Sreekumar had to say & Netra had to appreciate it.

"Now gentlemen, since you guys already know the story, let me not waste time in asking for your help in this project. In return, we all will benefit from the secret of Vagbhata. If you guys think I am approaching you as a sign of my weakness let me tell you, Walter. uncle & Arun are easier to approach", Netra gave a sly smile indicating this was not only a request but also a threat. He knew their secrets and could pass them over to Arun if they didn't comply.

"Now, how can we help you", Sreekumar was the first to react. "You both know how my security is breached. If it was someone else, they would have taken control of my lab by now. But since it is you both, I know my lab is safe & will be safe till we achieve our result", Netra dropped the hint which both understood..

They would have to prevent outsiders from knowing about such a lab, they must prevent a breach in security. "True Netra sir, we shall do it for the good of all", Varun Sharma responded.

"The good of all is the reason why my uncle started this project & this shall continue to remain as the goal," Netra said. "For the good of all" the three said in unison.

Arun arrived Shortly and the rest of the story can be left unsaid...

2026, Udupi Bus stand, Karnataka, India

The bus stopped at Udupi & Varun's thoughts stopped too. As of now Sreekumar was looking into security, the lab was in function with all scientists and he (varun) was in the midst of this case...

December 2025, Somewhere in Visakhapatnam, Andhra Pradesh (India)

Rakshita blinked. Was this a place at all? Why would this mystery man Call them here at this odd hour? Should they trust this person? Her question mark face was partly answered by Madhur's blank look. They did not have a choice other than meeting this 'Vaidya Kumar'.

The room was narrow & dark. Only a single light hung from the wall above. There was a table and on either side of it were chairs, Madhur and Rakshita sat on one side of the table. There was no movement for a long time on the other side.

Finally, the man emerged from the darkness and sat on the opposite chair. "Welcome, Young couple. Please be comfortable," Kumar said.

"Aiy! Who are you? Why are we in such a clumsy place at this odd time & are you planning something illegal? If we had a choice, we'd never have come this way," Rakshita who had enough said while breaking down as she. Madhur was at the consoling end.

Slowly, Madhur asked, "Sir, the patient must trust the doctor undoubtedly. But if the patient doesn't know the doctor, how can he trust him? Please tell your identity so that we as patients can place our trust on you".

Madhur said this calmly without giving full swing to his emotions. Vaidya Kumar gave an expression of blankness. He knew he'd have to face this, someday He had to reveal his identity that he had not revealed to many patients, not even to some of his tribal friends.

"I understand your problems, but I have my set of problems. You must understand them and cooperate with me," he paused and could find the expression on Rakshita's face change to bitterness, anger & he knew he would lose the patient if he did not reveal Himself.

"So, I am Kumar. I was born & grew up among plants, I learned how to love plants, how to love nature & how to be in union with them. By the virtue of my past birth credits, by intuition, I developed the skill of medicine..

The people of my tribe are isolated from the Cities and towns. It takes at least two hours to walk up and down the hill for us to reach the nearest transport to even get to the towns nearby. In such cases, treating a sick person could not be done. A severely ill person would mean a dead person. In such a pitiable state, I found that illness could be treated. I found by many trials & errors that using the plants in the forest, one can get rid of diseases.

Aparajita flower can be for children, Ingudi oil can be for wound application, Bramhi for intelligence & the list is endless. Though by trial & error method, many deaths were averted by me.

I finally decided to help my tribe who was in distress by acquiring knowledge on the subject. The science of Ayurveda catered to my demand. To acquire this knowledge, I went to the city of Visakhapatnam.

Unlike the city, people in my village were simple and lived happy lives. The people in the city were 100 times more Civilised, no doubt, but as a result of complex civilization, they lost some basic human values. In order to learn Ayurveda too, I needed pieces of paper called certificates to show my authenticity.

For a person coming from such a background even to get a certificate that is in an alien language was a tough job. Back at home, I spoke Duruwa & its various dialects, here the languages were completely alien. For two years, I was in absolute struggle to get what I needed. I knew a lot about medicine but I could be jailed if I did not show my licence in practice.

After two desperate years, I decided enough was enough, I stopped trying to fit into the conventional path. I first wanted to learn unofficially. I travelled from place to place learning the languages of the people, learning the art of foretelling the future (Jyotisha), learning the art of Nadi pariksha (examining the pulse as a method of diagnosis).

At the end of my journey, I realised that in order to prove my learning, I needed a well documented research or atleast a list of successfully cured patients with medications administered. So, I began to take cases. Given my unofficial background, I couldn't practise in a hospital of my own. So, I joined this large huge multispeciality hospital as an attender. My job is to attend to the patients. But, I also verify the medicines given and the ailments with the help of my Nadi diagnosis.

Many patients who haven't got a cure due to the negligence of the hospital got cured by me. I, however, remain in the dark for obvious reasons. And I do maintain a record of them all. In addition, I do go my native forests and also treat my fellow tribals.

Thanks to the civilization spread, my village is not so isolated as it was few years earlier. With the service activity of various organisations, my village is accessible after half an hour of downhill walk and now has a primary health centre.

So, I am known by my identity as Vaidya Kumar the doctor who cures," Kumar concluded and saw the satisfactory face of Rakshitha at the end of the narrative.

Though Rakshitha was satisfied, Madhur was not completely satisfied. He wanted an answer to his primary question.

"Well sir, I appreciate your knowledge but could you give the correct diagnosis, treatment and related measures for our problem?" Madhur asked, being quite straight forward.

Well, let me tell you, after I examined both your nadis, I found that infertility is not your main disease. Nevertheless, It can be reversible if we know what is the root cause of it. And before I tell you my opinion as a medical expert, I strongly advise to be prepared for what I am going to reveal", Vaidya Kumar took a deep breath and continued.

"When I examined your pulse", he said pointing to Madhur. "I realised that the infertility was your fault & not hers" Vaidya Kumar concluded. Madhur was prepared for this, he knew it was him. But he waited for further explanation as to why and what was the possible treatment line for it.

"So, when you both would have seen your reports, both would have noticed that the diagnosis came as normal parameters for both of you. As of Madhur, his semen reports also do not report oligospermia (less sperm count) or any blockages in seminal tract. Rakshitha is perfectly normal.

But this baffled Dr Venu Madhavan, the grey head man who didn't want to lose his reputation as well as his bill. So, he continued to pour medicines as well as try finding the other factors. A second analysis of the Semen revealed low sperm motility. this gave a possible answer to the infertility, but nevertheless, it failed to answer what made the sperm motility decrease. This unexplained factor angered the man and he kept postponing the treatment until he found the cause. And unfortunately, he hasn't found one and is constantly trying. But what he doesn't know is that I found the cause. You know what, it is DID- Dissociative Identity disorder known previously as Multiple personality disorder"

Glossary of chapter 7

Dissociative identity disorder- A disorder characterised by the presence of two or more distinct personality states.

Dissociative identity disorder, previously called multiple personality disorder, is usually a reaction to trauma as a way to help a person avoid bad memories.

Dissociative identity disorder is characterised by the presence of two or more distinct personality identities. Each may have a unique name, personal history and characteristics. 90% of the cases are undiagnosed and so untreated. It has been the subject for many movies and web series. What did Ayurveda say about this disease? See appendix for more information.

Chapter: Darkness that gives light

February 2026, Research laboratory of Netranand, unknown location

The panel of historical and scientific experts sat across the table. Netranand designed his laboratory in such a way that it had all sophisticated features for testing of many researches.

The laboratory thus, not only on Netra's dream but also worked various secret projects for a large good. Nobody except the panel of intelligence officers, police who are in the guarding of the lab and top advisors to the government who were in charge of funding, no one else knew the exact location of the lab, whether it was underground or in the midst of a forest or on an island in a different country.

"We have successfully got all the equipment for the project. Six months of research has brought us close to building the mystery fog that can enable us to perceive the sounds of the past. But our scientists and historians need to give an answer to the crucial question", Netra said, giving a brief pause.

"We have all sorts of sounds that are recorded in the fog. These vary from century old sounds to sounds that date back to thousands of years.

The actual problem lies in how we figure out which sounds belong to Vagbhata. For this purpose, our scientists have partly answered that by saying that each and every sound produced is of a varied quality. The amplitude of sound waves as well as its frequency are not the same. Using many scientific equations and precise calculations, we have come across a sound recorder that can record the sounds/sound waves of a particular year or a group of years of our choice. This is a good innovation. But, our historians need to help us today," Netra concluded.

Ali, a historian, got up and began, "Sir, we know that the traditional or neutral view of the time period of Vagbhata is around 5th century CE or post-gupta/Later Gupta era.

But this is not conclusive evidence for us to hear the sounds of this century alone.

This is because though many agree to this view, there are many historians who disagree. Infact many eminent scholars like P.V.Sharma, B. Rama Rao and others have put forward many theories on the same topic. If we consider all their views, we may not end up with finding the sound. So, it is not an easy job to come to a conclusion as to which century sounds must be heard". Ali said this and could find Netra's unsatisfied expression.

"But sir, after many months of debate, discussion and argument, our panel has come to a conclusion", Said Guha, another historian.

"We came to the logical reasoning that the Ashtanga Hridaya, the treatise of Ayurveda authored by Vagbhata has been in recitation in some parts of the country like Kerala for many centuries now. This practice would have started in the Gurukuls or educational institutions of previous times. Now, our theory states that we can actually start from the latest Sounds i.e. 19th or 18th century, look for sounds of the recitation of the text.

At the time of composition of the text, the sounds would stop indicating that the text hasn't been composed yet. Based on that, we go two-three centuries behind that time and according to us, we may get the voice of Vagbhata at that time", Guha concluded & found a big round of applause.

"Well, we don't have a choice. Also, we trust your experts have done the right job. Let us try to do what you said, though it is a tedious job", Netra Concluded.

The equipment and setup was ready in no time. The team of scientists began to work within no time. Few hours later, they came to Netra. "Sir, our historians' approach has worked. They found that the recitation stopped around the 8th-9th century CE. Further, the time period of Harnul Rashid (Arabian who translated Ashtanga Hridaya. into Arabic) is 786-808CE. So, as it should be a time of an earlier century, we can speculate the Vagbhata's time period to be around 6th-7th century CE.

If you give your permission, we will come over & start hearing from the 5th century CE". Netra nodded. While way to the chamber, Netra also took with him his language expert - Dr Abraham. A brilliant language analyst who identified all indigenous languages along with the 22 languages of today. He knew Magadhi, Awadhi, Bhojpuri, Pali, Prakrit, Sanskrit, Apabhramsha, Duruwa, Konkani, Malayalam, Ollari, Gondi and many others. His white snow-like hair gave testimony to his years of experience. Together, the duo walked into the chamber where the hearing of the sounds were going on. They sat and began to hear the sounds, the sounds of the 6th Century CE.

"(The wind seemed rustling was the year Set to around 550 CE, there was absolute silence for some time after which voices could be heard. The language seemed to be in Sanskrit, spoken in Gupta era. The linguist quickly penned down the translation to his best)

Voice 1: Hmm.. Shishya Bahata what happened? Why are you sitting alone and lost in thought? You seem to be disturbed by something. Tell me what you seek.

Voice 2: || स्थिरसुखीमनोयुक्त सर्व शास्त्र विशारद, वैद्याय वैधनाथाय, तस्मै श्रीगुरुवे नमः ||

Oh Guru! The very presence of yours has quenched all my doubts. That is enough.

Voicel: But my dear shishya, just like how the glimpse of water alone cannot quench the thirst of a thirsty man. Similarly, my presence cannot answer your queries unless you represent them in a question-answer form.

Voice 2: Absolutely true of Gurudeva!

Voice 1: So tell me What bothers my प्रिय शिष्य? What do you seek?

Voice 2: Gurudeva! I was just thinking about the attributes of the मनस्. The mind is very mysterious, so is its nature, so are its qualities. Now, to such a mind, how can we use the appropriate चिकित्सा?

Voice 1: You have asked what your mind seeks but not get asked what you truly need. पृच्छन्नप्यपृच्छन्न, Ask the Specific question you need answer to my dear शिष्य!

Voice 2: Oh Guru! You indeed know what I want to ask. For your sake, I will ask My Lord! I have seen patients who suddenly seem to be behaving strangely. For a short span or a long stretch of time, they are normal. Suddenly, after a show of symptoms, they slip into a trance followed by exhibitions of गुण's & लक्षण's of another person. We thought them to be patients of भूतजन्य व्याधि and have tried the दैवव्यपाश्रय चिकित्सा on them but have not got a result. Given the small number of such patients we couldn't help but classify their व्याधि as an असाध्य व्याधि. But can we actually cure them?

Voice 1: Can we actually heal them? My dear शिष्य! Have you tried all remedial methods? Have you referred the sayings of चरक, सुश्रुत & Other आचार्य's related to मानसिक व्याधि's? Have you referred to the old cases of मानसिक विकार presented in the last वैद्य परिषद् ?

Voice 2: Gurudeva!. I have referred to them all. चरक, सुश्रुत and other आचार्य's essence of the treatment for मानसिक विकार's is Summarised as:

"धी धैर्यात्मादि विज्ञानं मनो दोषौषध परं ॥"

But, I don't understand how this can be applied in this व्याधि. Nevertheless, the measures recommended by the परिषद् involved त्याग of अहित विषय's and पालन of हित विषय's. But, how to apply this to the आतुर ?

Voice 1: Oh सिंहगुप्त शून! you have learnt all the knowledge from the books but haven't you put it in practice? Come with me, Let us see the patient...

(The recorders suddenly went blank after this and there was a bit of confusion)

"What's happening?" Netra asked Commandingly. "Sir, the frequency of the sounds could not be tolerated for a long time by our recorders. We have to turn off our recorders as well as fog recreating devices. We need to work on them and set them right. We need some time to set them right," said Guruvinder Singh, one of the scientists heading it.

Netra nodded & he and Abhraham left the chamber so that the Scientists would work to fix the issue of the recorders. "Now, Abhraham, I want all details of what is that recording, who spoke to whom, What are the possible inferences. We can get from the recording and all other details. I need quick and efficient research on this and this must be done before the next recording resumes," Netra gave his orders.

Abhraham nodded. "Sir, I'll do my best. I have taken down notes on the recording. The first impression of the recording is:

1. It is a Post-Gupta Sanskrit recording based on the usage of words as well as grammar.

2. One of the voices is definitely Vagbhata for 2 reasons

- He is addressed as Simhagupta Shuna or son of Simhagupta.
- He is also addressed as Bahata which is the Prakrit form of Vagbhata as called by many.

I will give my report as soon as possible, sir", Abhraham concluded. Netra was happy with the progress. He then left Abhraham to do the homework.

A short while later, the table of scientists & historians gathered again, this time Abhraham took the lead and began:

"The Conversation which we just heard was dated around 550 CE or later, Can be grouped before 600 CE. So, here are some conclusions:

We get from the conversation & I will be listing them one by one-

1. The second voice other than Vagbhata belongs to Avalokita, I have many reasons to claim this & I shall elaborate later.

2. The conversation was regarding Manasika rogas or mental disorders. I need the help of an Ayurvedic doctor to actually get which roga has been referred to in this case.

3. The conversation only gave inputs on a question-answer session of how to deal with the particular mental disorder, it didn't offer any explanation to the cure of the same.

Any questions, objections or opinions before we move further?" Abhraham enquired.

"Yes sir, how and why do you deduce it to be Avalokita? And what explanation do you offer about Vagbhata & his relation to the second voice at the time of the conversation?"

Guruvinder posed a lot of queries to which Abhraham replied.

"For those who are not aware, a particular speculation goes that Vagbhata was tutored in Vaidya Shasta by two people- His father Simhagupta, a royal physician and a monk by name Avalokita whom many identify as Buddhist monk.

Now, Vagbhata in this conversation repeatedly uses the word गुरु which means master.

Nevertheless, the usage of pali & prakrit terms with Sanskrit suggest that he was a Buddhist, Buddhists generally used pali as a medium of instruction of pali based words in their language since it is the language of their scriptures.

And more importantly he was a teacher of Vagbhata even at the of Vagbhata's practice.

Here, Vagbhata is asking the Guru to help him deal with this case. For those not aware, medical education in those days lasted almost 7 years of training, apart from their lower studies.

It involved learning of Samhitas, commentaries and also studying the rationale of Bhoota vidya, As quoted by Anu Saini in his work on article, "Physicians of Ancient India".

These are my answers to your question. Now, the concluding point I'd like to make is the value of the conversation we discovered may not be known to us until it is examined by a Doctor. Also, there is no stop for our recordings, we must strive to gain more & more in order to actually get something for the patients. We are all here for the larger good" Abhraham concluded.

Netra got up and addressed all, "Dear scientists, historians & all my fellowmen, Let us strive to achieve more. This recording is only a page of our book. Let us make the book, for the greater good."

"For the greater good, "All said in unison.

Glossary of chapter 8

Brief history of Vagbhata- Vāgbhaṭa (वाग्भट) was one of the most influential writers of Ayurveda. Several works are associated with his name as author, principally the *Ashtāṅgasaṅgraha* (अष्टाङ्गसंग्रह) and the *Ashtāṅgahridayasaṁhitā* (अष्टाङ्गहृदयसंहिता). Vāgbhaṭa is said, in the closing verses of the *Ashtāṅgasaṅgraha* to have been the son of Simhagupta and pupil of Avalokita. Some historians attribute his time period to be 600-650 CE. His contributions to general medicine, influence on Kerala Ayurvedic practice, sharp and blunt surgical instruments, surgical procedures are some of his highly invaluable contributions to medicine. For more information refer to the appendix.

Chapter: pieces of the puzzle

December 2025, Somewhere in Visakhapatnam, Andhra Pradesh (India)

"What! Multiple personality disorder? You mean one guy has many identities like those web series and movies they show? You Can't be kidding me, doctor. How is that a cause of infertility & how do you know that he has it?" Rakshita couldn't get over her curiosity.

"Relax! I told you that this may not be easy to digest. But, listen to me. be So, Madhur we know now is not Madhur in the other personality. The Nadi shows that his other personality has in got an overdose of वात resulting वातज व्याधि and one of the लक्षण's is दूषण of शुक्र धातु leading क्लीबता", Kumar continued in a fast pace.

"Sir, you are giving a Chinese movie in malayalam subtitles and french dubbing to a Telugu audience" Madhur could not control his spontaneous reaction.

"I had no choice, Madhur. Your wife doesn't believe my medical skills unless I use such high technical terms.

So, to put that in simple terms- Madhur, you are a normal person. You are this 5'7 high, handsome & fair person. Your mind tells you about your Software job and you have a wife called Rakshitha.

But, the same mind transitions to another personality and this person whose name I don't know lives in a completely different world, with a different set of relations & memories. He has the habit of sudden, unregulated and excessive travel to all areas of the Country. The sudden trips to extremes (especially hot areas) of the country as well as excessive strain of travels took their toll on the body.

Since both have the same body, the actions he does is attributed to you and so, you end up in sperm motility decrease.

This disorder has no cure according to modern science, it can only be controlled by expert psychiatric counselling and a few medicines, those too may or maynot be effective," Vaidya Kumar concluded.

"Then, what do we do sir? You are our doctor & you must be having a solution to the diagnosis too" Madhur asked hopefully.

"See Madhur, there are less than one million cases in our country with this disorder and the worst part is patients with this disorder, majority go undiagnosed. You are lucky to get it diagnosed early. Nevertheless, all treatment can offer you is summarised in the saying of Vagbhata:

"|| धी धैर्यात्मादि विज्ञानम् मनोदोषौषधम् परम्||" which means intellect, strength, knowledge about self, these factors are the cure for one's mental diseases. But I must admit that you are lucky to have got me to help you out because I have dealt with such a case. In the forests. I have seen a particular young boy who was called the 'Monkey' of the tribe. His excellent ability to climb trees and do great stunts on tree tops earned him this name.

One fine day, while rescuing a child who was scared by sitting on a treetop, this Monkey or young man met with a head injury due to a crash. It took a long time for him to recover under my able care. But, upon recovery, he started showing strange symptoms. He'd often lose his

memory, often go unconscious and when he woke up, he'd exhibit features of a monkey. These bouts of madness or transition between personalities continued for a long period of time. Finally, I decided to do the treatment based on the cause, I got the same child on the tree top and in a fall, he rescued the same child and was satisfied.

His personality never changed after the incident and now was safe le Sound though under vigil & observation. Here, I found what was the reason for the transition of the personality and I tackled the disease accordingly. A similar treatment methodology can be followed in your case...", the words of Vaidya Kumar were interrupted by footsteps moving in haste in the dark. He realised that something was terribly amiss. He signalled Madhur & Rakshita to stay quiet and then, he showed them via signs how to escape from the room. He assured them to leave as soon as possible. They left hurriedly into the dark. Few moments later, the police arrived at the scene with a strange figure in the dark. His eyes spoke, "We meet again, I'm Dr Venumadhavan....."

February 2026, Visakhapatnam Central jail, Andhra Pradesh, India

Chamani walked out with Ravi. They just finished the scuffle with the police which finally resulted in Chamani meeting her client for only two minutes.

"What did you do in two minutes? As a lawyer, we are supposed to have all the details as to what our client does, where he lives, why he is behind bars and all such things. Now what will we answer our seniors? Should we blame the police or...." Ravi was interrupted mid-sentence by Chamani who said, "I got all his details". "What! How? What do you mean?" Ravi's questions would be unending and so Chamani interrupted him again. Take a look at this Chamani said as She passed her mobile to him. There was a photo from the gallery showing the palm of the Vaidya.

"What! this is just the palm of that guy! Are you kidding me? Are you going to do palmistry and get information about that guy? you can't be kidding me", Ravi pleaded.

They had moved out of the jail and now were moving back to college in their car. "You are right Ravi, I can't be kidding you at this moment. That's why I did the Palm reading of that guy", Chamani said coolly. She could see Ravi's face turn white like the cream of milk. "Ohh! Don't worry about that Ravi!" "What on earth are you? How do you know palmistry? You are a Parsi, right? How do know the you art of palmistry and jyotisha?" Ravi was curious.

"Ohh! Poor chap! You know only that there is a science called Jyotish Shastra or astrology, that you because your father is in that field. But have you ever bothered to learn that vast science & its applications in life? No! But me being a Parsi, brought up in a traditional Parsi household developed an unending interest in astrology and learnt it from a Guru. Palmistry is just one among its applications which I just read. I can read palms, prepare birth charts, give horoscopes and do many others". Ravi was baffled at the revelation.

He had studied her, known her background, did thorough research on her family, especially on her strict orthodox father, but never did he find out this part of her. "So, have you read my palm before? How many times?", He asked jokingly as he passed his palm to her my palm

She folded his hand, "You naughty, I didn't read your palm but soon you have to meet my father, oh great (lawyer!," she said sarcastically, punching him with his own hand.

"My God! If I have to argue all the cases in the court too, I won't consider it a difficult job. But, to argue with your father and prove my capability na, I cannot do that" Ravi said bursting into laughter.

"You! How dare you say that", she said mock threateningly. "So tell me, what does this man say", Ravi asked Chamani, getting back to professional briskness.

"Umm... This man's name is Vaidya Kumar or just Kumar he has been a physician..... (she briefed him about Kumar's story). Now finally at the end of meeting his patient, he was caught by the police.

The police were led by Dr. Venumadhwas, his arch rival and they attacked him by surprise, took him into custody and booked him of quackery and denied him of lawyer service.

"Why is that guy against him?" Ravi raised a crucial point. "See That is because for the past few months, Dr Venu Madhouran's ego grew with His age. He began controlling the hospital, got a lot of public fame and due to ego issues, he dismissed many doctors under him. This caused many patients to leave his hospital without a cure", Chamani hinted. "So, I get it. Those patients, the mistakes of Dr Venumadhavan were treated by this Vaidya and he has full details of the treatment right! And the same ego of Dr Venu Madhavan made him notice a decrease in patients & When he with his influence found Vaidya Kumar, he locked him up in order to have his business undisturbed, right?" Ravi concluded his conclusion. "You are quite the lawyer except when it comes to meeting my father?" Chamani joked & both of them were up to teasing again. "Now, how to do we contact Kumar's patients? What do we tell them?

Kumar can be brought out once gets good influential lawyer like some of our seniors. But, what & how can we do to his patients? They must not suffer until he is released, which may be months", Ravi voiced his concern. "Now Comes the actual thrilling we now have to do our part and bit of the search. Let us find his patients, Chamani said.

February 2026, Udupi, Karnataka (India)

Ram was sitting in his clinic. Ohh sorry! Not his clinic, but as an intern, Ram who had completed his final year in January now was doing a compulsory rotatory internship. He would go to college hospital in the morning, work till afternoon, take a break for studying, Post-lunch he would work in the hospital till OPD closing time & then would head to the clinic of Dr Ramesh. Dr Ramesh was a well established doctors of Ayurveda in Udupi.

The town had a flourishing Ayurveda practice as it catered to both tourist population & local population. The number of clinics in Udupi of Ayurvedic practitioners was in vogue and it gradually increased with the growing population & passage of time.

So, Dr Ramesh or Vaidya Ramesh who had set up his clinic a few years ago after his established practice in Bangalore. Despite competition, he still got a large number of patients throughout the day. Ram and a group of interness visited Dr Ramesh's clinic many times for exposure to various cases. The rule they all followed was "More Patient treated, more success awaits".

So, the month of February that saw a transition of seasons, a flu had taken over the nearby areas and many other reasons saw an increase in the number of cases. Ram and his fellow interns worked throughout the evening. It was at this juncture that Dr Ramesh planned to go for a long vacation and a Tirtha Yatra. The pilgrimage was 2 months long, touring the entire country. Ram and the other interns were given complete responsibility of handling the clinic. Together, they got their leave from their shifts. Dr Ramesh trusted them very much & they couldn't break it.

Ram that day was seated in the rotating chair behind the glass door of the clinic. He had just received a call from Dr Prabhakar, a classmate of his who was in Andhra Pradesh. Prabhakar's senior doctor had seen a peculiar case which he transferred to Dr Ramesh. But since Dr Ramesh was absent, Ram agreed to take the case although he assured Prabhakar that Ramesh would take the case.

Currently Ram was sitting on a rotating chair when his friend and (his crush in first year) Ankita came to his clinic. "What Ankita madam! You too have a problem or what?" Ram asked sarcastically.

"Yeah, yeah, I have a mental problem", she joked. "Really, what is this," he asked her, showing 4 fingers. "One" she said sarcastically, "When I showed 4, you are saying one. Tomorrow, you may minus that one from 4 and make it three. Finally, you end up in 143", Ram was saying with a naughty giggle when a patient arrived. Ram immediately got a serious look, welcomed her and began the routine examination. "Yes ma'am. How can I help you? Your name please," Ram enquired politely. "Rakshitha is my name", the patient looked very anxious, frightened and very sad. "Ohh is it you ma'am, Prabhakar and his sir from Anantapur had referred to me" Ram asked with a familiar look.

"Yes," She said nervously. "Yes ma'am, where is the patient, Madhur?" Ram enquired politely. The patient suddenly became very anxious, started panicking and tried to speak, but no words came out.

Looking at the panic stricken Rakshitha, Ankita who was next to Ram went up to her, held her hand, made her sit comfortably and tried to soothe her. "Please ma'am. There is nothing to worry, we are here to take care of your problem. Tell us what happened. please relax.." With a lot of comforting and a heavy heart Rakshitha finally spoke.

"Doctor, Me & my husband went to Anantapur after many hospitals. We had started his treatment. That's Vaidya Kumar's treatment. Ever since his arrest, we could not contact him. We were anxious and scared. Not knowing what to do, we looked for an Ayurvedic Doctor nearby. But in our state, getting a genuine Ayurvedic practitioner is not easy. So, we finally found Prabhakar's senior as a very good doctor & sought his aid"

Rakshitha began to get emotional at that point. "It's ok ma'am. Please continue. What happened?" Ram asked. With great difficulty, Ankita helped Rakshitha who continued. "Sir was very kind and a very practical person. He explained to us the pros and cons of seeking a medical treatment for Multiple personality disorder or Dissociative Identity Disorder with Ayurveda. He frankly admitted his lack of experience. On further enquiry, he revealed that

Manasika Rogas or mental ailment treatment was lagging behind in Ayurveda for multiple reasons It wasn't well equipped.

The majority of mental disorders treated by Ayurvedic general practitioners cases of OCD, addiction, counselling and not many other endeavours are successfully treated. The violent cases like Bipolar disorder cannot be treated effectively due to the given violent nature of the people. There has been an attempt to treat people with Bhoota vidya (Supernatural treatment) and also Daivavyapashraya chikitsa (treatment involving higher entities like Gods & ceremonies) But none of these avenues are well explored.

He explained that in dissociative identity disorder, he could give it a try by finding out what is the other personality, finding the history of the patient and also other measures. But due to lack of experience, he didn't want to take that risk. So, he directed us here. But...But, before we came here my husband.... had to go to Bangalore on an assignment and..... he never returned. There are no whereabouts as to where he went. the police are still on the lookout for him...

But, I approached you, doctor.... in case you have some medicines for him..." Rakshitha broke down again.

"See Maam, As of now, all I advise you is relax. I am sure our police will find your husband. Once we find him, we shall give

the treatment he needs. By the way, do you have any of his photos?" Ram knew that as a doctor he couldn't prescribe any medicines for a lost person. But, he needed to assure the lady, at least so that she stayed strong till her husband was found. The lady Rakshitha nodded as she passed her phone and showed a photo of her husband. Ram looked and nodded. He then reassured her to relax and told her that Madhur would be found soon. On her insistence, he prescribed Manasamitra Vatika and ghrita. Just as a reassurance that she would give him when he would be found.

With many concerns and reassurances, Rakshitha left and Ankita escorted her out. She went with her to drop her off and also since Ankita was free, She offered Rakshitha a tour around Udupi and Sri Krishna temple, the ultimate place for all questions, the one stop solution for all queries.

Glossary of chapter 9

Jyotish shastra- it is the ancient Indian science of astrology. It has wide uses till date and relies mainly on the works of ancient Indian sages. According to Brihat samhita, a 6th century treatise, it is classified into 3 types;

- samhitā or śākhā (natural astrology and omens): effects of planetary positions and other natural phenomenon on the world
- horā or jāta (horoscopic astrology): effects of planetary positions on humans,
- ganita (mathematical astronomy): calculations of planetary paths and other astronomical matters such as spherics
 - **siddhanta**: a fundamental treatise; generally uses the beginning of creation of *kalpa* (aeon) as the epoch of calculation
 - **tantra**: generally uses the beginning of the *kali yuga* as the epoch of calculation

- **karana**: a handy, practical work describing short and simplified calculations; meant for panchanga-makers; generally uses the year of composition as the epoch

Palmistry- science of foretelling future events based on the lines of the palm. Although a layman considers both jyotish shastra and palmistry as same, both are different and palmistry was widely practiced in the west unlike Jyotishya. For more details, see appendix.

Chapter: Answers or more questions?

February 2026, Udupi, Sri Krishna mutt, Karnataka, India

SP Varun Sharma went for the darshan to Lord Sri Krishna, the Lord of all, the Lord of the hearts and the Gita Bodhaka. Like how Lord Sri Krishna preached the Bhagavad Gita to Arjuna and clarified all his doubts, SP Varun Sharma hoped that the Lord would give him an answer to his questions and help him solve the case. SI Mathews initially was critical of coming into the shrine. He chose to stay outside. The devout Christian in him did not allow him to enter the shrine. But later he too accompanied Varun and team, not because of lack of devotion, but to respect the other culture. He believed that Religion is like a mother, we must respect everyone's mother. Both SP & SI along with the Constables returned after the partaking of Anna Prasada or free food offered by the temple to all devotees.

The team then decided their next plan of action, they decided to spread out in the city and find anyone who might have seen His mastermind Chanakya. Even a small piece of evidence could give them a big lead.

February 2026, Udupi, Dr Ramesh's clinic Same time

Ram was lost in thought. He had been researching cases of multiple personality disorder. He browsed the internet, made a couple of calls to his friends & seniors, got in touch with a psychiatrist & did many more.

But he knew that it was of no use until the patient was found. Just then, the glass door of the clinic slid open, revealing two policemen.

One of them introduced themselves & the purpose of the visit. "My name is Varun Sharma and I am the SP of police, Visakhapatnam, division.

"Ohh! Nice meeting you sir, I am Ram, originally from Andhra Pradesh, I speak Telugu sir, Yela unnaru (how are you)". Ram began but was interrupted mid-sentence by Varun,

"Choodandi Dr Shyam garu (Look here respected Dr Shyam), [He began in Telugu...] we are here for an important purpose. A dangerous criminal and mastermind named or called 'Chanakya' has been moving in this town for quite some time. This is his sketch (He showed the sketch) Have you seen him anywhere?", Varun asked impatiently.

Ram looked at the portrait for some. He wanted to deny seeing it, but some corner of his mind told him that he actually said this person. "Sir, I remember seeing this person or photograph. But, I really am unable to recall when and where I remember..", "Then do give me a call, this is my number" said Varun Sharma as he handed over the visiting card. "Sir, what did this guy do? Ram asked curiously. "Well, Some politics related issue, he poses a threat to our political leader", Varun said cutting short the conversation as he hurriedly left the doctor along with the constable.

Ram continued his thoughts once they were gone, but his thoughts changed to where did he see that man? He tried hard, recalled all the events from the morning, scratched his head and at the end, he remembered it.

'Eureka', he found it, but could it be him, could it really be him? NO! this can't be it. As he was deriving the Conclusion, the door opened and a man asked, "Excuse me sir, how to go

to the Municipal office?" "Alli right hogi Left hogu (there, you you take a right and then left)," said Ram a bit absentmindedly.

As the man left, a sudden a harder realization hit Ram. He immediately dialled SP Varun Sharma's number.

Few moments later, they were at the municipal office. "Chanakya", a police called out aloud. The man who asked Ram for directions turned and found the police. Realising that police were after him, Chanakya ran out of the building in no time. Varun's team along with a local team ready were for this. As soon as he came out, they began to surround him. Chanakya suddenly fell to the ground and collapsed. When the Police came near him for examination of what happened, he suddenly got up & ran with such a great speed that it took police time to react as to whether he was gone in which direction. But as everyone does mistakes, Chanakya also did a grave mistake. Instead of rushing elsewhere he rushed back into the Municipal office. As he rushed inside, he came face to face with someone whom he never expected- Dr(Internee) Ram. He pushed Ram aside with a sudden push but he saw a girl behind Ram— Rakshitha. He raised his hand to push her off, but somehow, his timing got delayed. And that delay was what his opponents needed.

Before he could push Rakshitha, a psycatrist from mental hospital propped up behind him and gave him a high dose of sedation througha syringe. Within few moments, Chanakya was down & slipped into unconscious state.

Together, Ram and others carried him to Ram's hospital. Rakshitha was both happy and sad. Happy that Madhur was found, and sad that he was found in this condition.

Few minutes ago, Ram realised that Madhur's photo matched with the Chanakya portrait the police showed. It looked so similar. To add to it, Madhur or Chanakya who needed directions to the Municipal office asked Ram and that was how Ram got him and we now know the rest. Now that he was found, Can Ram treat him or refer him over?

Around same time, Mangalore, house of DGP Arun Kumar Karnataka

SP Sreekumar was about to leave the house. His notebook pages kept flipping. probably because of the wind.

At that moment, I arrived at the house. By the way, my name is Sreevatsa and all you must know about me is that I am telling you this story, fortunately I was a part of it. I had gone there to update Arun that Varun had successfully got a breakthrough in Chanakya Case and now awaited one final clue.

Sreekumar asked me to sit as he went inside to call his father. I told him he could go, since he was about to Leave the house before I came. He reasoned that his father may take some time & so he'll keep me engaged till his father comes.

I assured him that his duty was important and sent him off. I looked at the house, once he was gone. It was a good spacious one. I was walking around & realised that Arun was going to take longer.

I then began to look at the notebook fast due whose fo pages were flipping the wind. I held it and read. The conversation seemed to be in sanskrit. Why is there a Sanskrit conversation in this police guy's house? I suddenly realised the value of this to the case I brought after reading the notes.

I immediately dialled Chamani's number. "Subhodayam I just received this important output which may be needed by you, I am sending photocopied notes of a sanskrit conversation. You may need it somewhere. I hope you use it", I said before getting an affirmative reply & disconnected. I then realised that I had one important job to do. Varun had told me of the case and had mentioned about Madhur / Chanakya who was now in the hospital and his responsibility was claimed by Rakshitha. I called Varun and on my insistence he connected me to Rakshitha. "Hey, I have an input you may need," I said before concluding. ""Who are you?" She asked at the other end. "Your brother from another mother!" I replied.

Dr Ramesh's clinic, Udupi Same time

Ram was very happy that he received a photo copied notes which he was currently examining.

Initially, Ram almost gave up hope of treating Madhur. He thought of referring the case to a psychiatrist, although his specialisation was going to be Kayachikitsa and Manasaroga (General medicine and Psychiatry).

But then, a turn of events happened in which - Rakshitha called lawyer Chamani & Ravi. Now they got to know the whereabouts of Vaidya Kumar. She then briefed Ram about Vaidya Kumar. Chamani's notes found their way into Ram's mobile soon after. This gave Ram a crucial clue. The conversation of the notes that were in ancient sanskrit undoubtedly referred to Dissociative Identity disorder.

It was between Vagbhata & his teacher Avalokita. Vagbhata had asked his teacher on how to get treatment for this disorder.

The words that say, "These patients behave strangely- for sometime, they are normal suddenly after a show of symptoms, they slip into a trance, followed by exhibition of गुण's of another person"- this meant a transition from one personality to other. Ram knew that in general, they show symptoms of delusion, unconsciousness, trance state etc. They start to exhibit other people's qualities means that they have transitioned into their other personality.

Vagbhata found दैवव्यपाश्रय चिकित्सा to be ineffective. (दैवव्यपाश्रय चिकित्सा= treatment involving adherence to religious vows, fasting, undertaking pilgrimages, use of gemstones, mantras and prayers to ward off evil spirits) Ram could understand that this was because, the disease was a result of internal factors like mind and not external factors like ghosts. The मनस् (mind) transitioned from one state (the normal State) to the state of being of another person. Usually, he knew that by using शतपत्रशुचि न्याय that मनस्(mind) is in constant transition from one इन्द्रिय to another. But this was a way above that. And seeing it clinically was something very different. But, he still needed clarity as to how धी, धैर्य, आत्मादि विज्ञान ६

हलत सेवन, अहलत त्पाग could cure such a patient & he knew only 1 person could answer his questions-Vaidya Kumar.

Glossary of chapter 10

Concept of mind in Ayurveda

Chapter: Devil trapped

Two days later, Visakhapatnam central jail, east coast, Andhra Pradesh, India

Ram was in the meeting area of prisoners, a glass wall separated him from Vaidya Kumar. Ram picked up the receiver and began. "Sir, I am Ram, an intern from Ayurvedic College. I happened to meet Rakshitha & Madhur. You had taken up their case, you diagnosed correctly that Madhus had Dissociative Identity Disorder. Now I did further history-taking and came to the conclusion that Madhur in his other personality is Chanakya, a political genius and mastermind. The police have given me very less time and I cannot detail it all to you. But, one thing I would like to ask you sir, how can धी धैर्यादि गुण's help to cure the patient?"

Vaidya Kumar took a deep breathe, he then began. "In Ancient times, Vagbhatta asked the same question to his Guru Avalokita. The Guru then took the Shishya to the patient and said first you must help the patient gain the धी (intellect). The intellectual capacity of the patient must not be lost in order to help him combat his diseases. In general मानसिक विकार's there is धीभ्रंश. That must not happen.

Then, go for strengthening the patient or giving him mental strength to face the situation. Today, even in some of our Ayurvedic hospitals, addiction Cases are given electric shock. It makes sure the person will never touch alcohol as long as there is an electric current near him. But, such Cases have a high record of remittance as in absence of current, he consumes alcohol again. Vaidya paused while Ram remembered the shock treatment his seniors gave to an addict at his own hospital where he worked during the day.

"So, when you want no remittance, you must go for increasing the मनो बल or the mental strength of the individual. We need to give him enough धैर्य. In this Case, Madhur, the patient, needs lots of courage to know that there is a political genius inside him. And most importantly, to achieve all this, the patient must have आत्मादि विज्ञान or knowledge about himself. Because, you and I, doctors can only facilitate a faster treatment with medicines, but it is only if the patient cooperates with us physically and mentally, he can cure himself. To cure himself, he must know himself completely - in & out

The हित विषय सेवन & अहित विषय त्याग.....", Vaidya was about to speak when the police intervened and a few moments later, Ram was being dragged away by force. Ram struggled with the police grip as Kumar watched. Kumar knew it was a losing battle, but he had faith that with this much knowledge Ram could actually acquire the remaining knowledge.

Finally, Ram gave up the struggle with the police, he waved his hand to Vaidya Kumar indicating his meeting was over. His fist tightened and if he was a fighter, he would have definitely punched 2 or 3 policemen down. With a clenched fist, controlling his emotions, Ram stormed out of the jail and left the place. He needed to first be in condition to treat his patient, not become a patient due to his impatience. He decided to give two treatments. One for Chanakya/Madhur and the other one for 'Someone Special'...

Arun's residence, Mangalore Karnataka, two days later

Ram sat sipping the coffee. He just narrated the entire story. Arun was furious. "How dare they! I shall immediately take action against those ruthless.....", Arun began swearing, but Ram stopped him. "Sir, they are not under your jurisdiction. So, do not take any action on them. Nevertheless they followed orders of their higher officials and not by themselves." Arun initially refused to die down, but realising Ram was right, he decided to act after finding the actual mastermind behind their actions.

He then asked his son Sreekumar to personally take up this case and get the mastermind to justice. Arun then relaxed and called on Ram for fun. Ram accepted and on the dining table, the plans that were made changed fate, not the fate of Ram, Arun and his son, but the fate of the mastermind who was seated somewhere far away in a different state who did not know what was coming. Someone special.

March 2026 Entercure Fertility hospitals, Visakhapatnam, Andhra Pradesh (India)

The board meeting was on. The top members had just taken their decision. "Being a multi speciality hospital with branches all over the country, our hospital's primary aim is to uphold our reputation. And when one member gains dishonour, we have to suspend him in order to keep up our reputation. So, herewith, we pass the official suspension of Dr.Venu Madhavan whose unparliamentary acts have brought dishonour to us. The fate of whether he can practise in future is decided by the court based on whether it keeps his licence or cancels it. Thus, we end this meeting," the Board Chairman concluded.

"What nonsense, How can I be suspended....", the fat & doctor with a silvery French beard began to yell. But it was done. The doctor didn't leave it there. He spoke to the Chairman in private.

"What nonsense is this? It is with my effort that this branch came up. How can you suspend me?" He screamed. "See Venu, the court cases against you, the workers and non medical staff complaints, the strikes taking place against you, all these compelled us to take this action?" the Chairman said. "But, that was the case from many years ago; how has it suddenly come to me today?", He couldn't understand. "I can get back this post in a day. Let me show you bunch of jokers what I can do, let me show you guys my power?" he said storming out. The chairman heaved a sigh of despair. "He doesn't know what mess he has invited upon himself", he thought.

Dr Venu Madhavan immediately rushed out, got into his Audi car and drove straight to the residence of the home minister.

Ramayya was seated in his balcony with a glum face. Venu rushed to him. "How can that happen to me?" He screamed as he sat opposite Ramayya. "Oh venu! Relax. I knew you would be here. This had to happen". "What do you mean?" Venu asked, irritated. "Yesterday, the DGP came to me and briefly explained about the case of my threat.

As I told you, I received a threat from an unknown guy saying that he will make sure I am out of power for the injustice I did to the people. I thought that since I was the home minister of the state, nobody could touch me. I later realised that the sender of the letter had the codename Chanakya. It scared me out, because the guy who actually helped me become the home minister, his name is Madhur and he used the same codename.

But, I asked the police to investigate this case and they finally found Chanakya. It was shocking for me", Ramayya's face showed genuine fear.

"Who was he?", Venu asked inquisitively. "He", said Ramayya pointing to the fab in his hand. The video of Madhur in patient dress lying on the hospital bed saying, "That Ramayya, I am the one who gave him his power, I know his strengths & weaknesses completely.

So, how can he escape from me? Tell him to enjoy as of now because later on, he will not be in power! POWER", Madhur/ Chanakya screamed again as the video ended. "So, after showing me this video, the DGP out of his concern for me gave me two choices, brush aside this threat and this guy and continue as normal or resign before he shows his seriousness. The DGP briefed me that this guy is medically unstable and anytime, he may take any action. His medical instability Certificate prevents any police from taking action on him", said Ramayya.

"And so you chose to resign?", Venu asked, puzzled. "Did I have a choice? In politics, the kingmaker can obviously reverse the game, the king can't" said Ramayya. Suddenly, two police officials came to the residence of Ramayya. He (Ramayya) looked at Venu. "Your Cousins have come to take you to their home (police have come to take him into custody). If not now, the court will grant a harsher punishment. Go with them", Ramayya smiled.

"NO, this can't be it", Venu could not accept.

"I'll join you someday & will ask for the next cell", Ramayya hinted. He knew what was forthcoming!

Chapter: Decoding Chanakya

15 years later, Federal Assembly, Swiss parliament, Bern/Berne, Federal palace (Switzerland)

The Federal assembly in Switzerland met in the Federal palace at Berne or Bern (as it is called in German). The Political party that was in power had decided to elect a President of the Federal assembly. The office was being handed over and it welcomed the new president.

"Guete Morge gentlemen!", The new president rattled out in Swiss German. He alternatively switched languages to French in order to appease the members of the French, he also spoke a bit of Dutch and seeing the switching of his language, the citizens all over the country could clearly make out that this man wasn't an ordinary man.

He didn't seem to come unprepared. His language switching was fluent, to the point and he truly played with swiss tactics in Swiss soil. "Adieu," he politely said at the end of the parliamentary session & his long lecturing on legislative bills.

At the end of the session, just before the afternoon session, the president had an unexpected visitor. He didn't expect her at the Parliament at this time. "Rakshitha, nuvu ochav yenti em ayindi (what happened Rakshitha, why did you come here), " asked the president in chaste Telugu!

The secretary was surprised. "Sir, what is that language? He enquired in German. "Das ist eine Sprache namens Telugu, es wird in Indien gesprochen." The president remarked. (That is a language called telugu, it is spoken in India).

"Woher kennst du diese vielen

Sprachen, monsieur?" the secretary (PA) asked in german.

"Adi oka pedda Katha le voyi, neeku cheppina artham kadu", the President spoke in a scolding type of Telugu adding humour to the lack of understanding. The face of the PA changed and before he could ask further, "Das ist eine lange geschichte", he translated quickly to German.

The PA couldn't comprehend and quickly went off to do his duties. "You shouldn't have played with that poor soul like that". Rakshitha remarked as she burst into laughter. "So what brings you here, citizen?" Madhur teased. "Hey!" She raised her eyebrows. You may be president of Switzerland's Federal council, but I am the president of your life, because I am your wife, "she joked and teased him. "What fun is this, we are not children now, if Ram and Lakshman see us fighting like this, they will laugh at us", Madhur replied.

"Both of them are at home, so don't worry," said Rakshitha. "Ok, the Federal Council awaits me, what do you want before I go", he asked. "I just got a call from India and came rushing," said Rakshitha. "India?" He seemed quite tense. Oh my God! You should have told me this news before your teasing. Connect him to me immediately", Madhur said with an urgency in his voice. Doctor Ram, the now experienced & reputed Doctor in the world now came on the screen.

"Ram sir. I have tried a lot to contact you, I could not get your appointment So sorry" Madhur offered many apologies. "Ohh! Congratulations Mr President! Don't play politics and diplomacy with me", Ram said jokingly. "You haven't lost your sense of humour Doctor saab", Madhur was quick to remark.

"So, how is our India," Madhur asked, changing the topic. "I'll be Coming to meet you in person in a few days", Ram remarked coolly. "Ohhh my God! Things aren't the same 15 years ago and now Dr Ram! If you, an Indian, have to set foot on Swiss soil, that too an Ayurvedic reputed physician, I need to get an entire security team for your escort and along with that also, tell my Prime minister of your arrival. You should have earlier", he was serious.

"I told you, settling in India was a better option, Indian Politics isn't a dirty game now, it is as clean as our cities, as reputed as our sciences like Ayurveda", Ram replied.

"I have tried my best, but by that time, I was already into swiss politics Dr. Now, I am trying my best to send my twin sons Ram and Lakshman to India, they are already Swiss citizens, but then, I am trying to send them to India. It's hard enough because all the Europeans here aim for a quality Indian education, they all are busy living the Indian dream," said Madhur. Truly, things had changed, India had become the dream country of the world, the Indian sciences dominated the global market. But, the world learnt it's lesson from India to teach their respective mother languages and so Switzerland was no different.

Currently Madhur agreed to Dr Ram's request and the call disconnected. He had a huge task at hand. I think, as readers, this is an unimaginable twist, right? Madhur, who was the patient suffering from Multiple personality disorder/ Dissociative identity disorder, suddenly ending up as the president of Switzerland's Federal Council? What happened to him? How did he get there?

What triggered this? Is he cured or is he still under it? How did Ram, who was an interneer solve this case? What was the case history of this patient Chanakya / Madhur? I guess, we had enough questions let us seek answers. As Ramayya in 2026 said, he had become home minister of the state due to support of Madhur.

But, realising that the home minister had betrayed or turned ruthless after ascending power, Madhur decided to take away the power from him. But what happened in between was tragic, that ended Madhur in a very bad state.

2026 April, Meeting of doctors, New Delhi AIIA, (All India Institute of Ayurvedic medical sciences)

The doctors gathered in the round table Conference. The projector was on as the pictures were being displayed. The person who was taking the case was none other than Vaidya Kumar. Dark skinned as he was, he was now in a formal attire of a formal shirt and pants. He didn't look like a doctor nor did he look like a statesman. His moustache was neatly trimmed and his face was reflecting his knowledge.

Initially, before the case was being presented, there was a commotion in the hall. The introductory speaker briefed the doctors that a presentation of a peculiar case was going to be made by one Vaidya Kumar.

The people gathered there, Ayurvedic physicians, practitioners and research scholars were all curious to know how and what was this. But, when Kumar was about to begin his presentation, one particular doctor got up and began, "Apologies to all. I just needed a small clarification. Kumar sir, you are a Vaidya. How do we believe it? You neither hold a BAMS degree, nor do you have a licence of a registered medical practitioner, nor do you have a short-term course degree in either panchakarma or any Ayurvedic course. I don't mean any disrespect, but how can we feel that your information is reliable??" the Doctor almost gave a long speech by himself. Before Vaidya Kumar could react, Ram came to his defence.

"Excuse me, gentleman! How can you disrespect this great physician? Being an Ayurvedic doctor, haven't you studied the Sadvritta (Code of conduct) which dictates that one must respect the elders & people of knowledge? Do you think that a degree means knowledge Ram was about to continue when Kumar stopped him and started.

"Please stop it. Dear colleagues, gentlemen! I request you all to take a decision on my eligibility as a doctor after seeing me handling this case. The science of Ayurveda advises us not to act without careful analysis/ examination. So, first look at my ability, then talk of my eligibility," Kumar thus silenced all his opponents. Some of them were satisfied, Some others waited for opportunity and to prove him wrong.

"So, to begin with, this is the case of Madhur, Madhur is a 29 year old Male, native of Visakhapatnam in Andhra Pradesh, He is a software employee in a Multinational company and has been in the job for 3-4 years now. Recently, he was diagnosed with DID, "he looked around to see if all understood.

"Now, in his other personality, he called himself Chanakya, was a political genius, he gave threats to political leaders. in politics. and involved a lot in politics. Firstly, we needed to diagnose why and what caused his disorder. So, we found that the family history was not contributing to the disease, but was definitely impacting the other personality.

The grandfather of Madhur was an active politician who retired from his political life in order to balance his morality, ethics and live as a good human being. The retirement grandfather from politics and his turn towards Spirituality made his entire family of his father & others dissociate from politics and turn to service. In such a family, when Madhur was born and raised with the heroic stories of his grandfather, Madhur also wanted to become like him. From childhood, he participated in various politics related events, he became the monitor of the Class, he became the president of various Clubs at school. - in his college too, his arts college encouraged & kindled his passion.

His family was not willing to send their son into politics, they felt that Indian politics is not the game of gentlemen. Madhur's ethics were too strong and he couldn't compromise them even in deceitful political tricks. So, they introduced various measures like getting him a job as a political Science lecturer, getting him married to a young & beautiful girl Rakshitha, granting all other desires except politics. But, Madhur worked his way into Politics without his family's

notice by getting, studying and winning popular support for the political leader of his area. The ethical bond was signed with this leader and soon, by the help of Madhur's just but tactical & diplomatic policies, the leader became the home minister.

Upon ascending to power, the leader betrayed Madhur who decided to take action. Madhur was on his way to take action when he met with a severe accident. The accident resulted in a temporary loss of memory, seizures, hallucinations and many mental diseases along with injuries.

Madhur soon gained back his memory, but his family came to know of his political involvement. By the time he recovered, his family made him promise that he would never get into politics again. But, this promise did not come in a good time. It initially increased his mental troubles. He faced a lot of emotional trauma. He got many symptoms like fainting episodes, twisting of deformities, tongue bite or incontinence in a variable frequency. Realising his mental instability, his family stopped forcing him. He finally seemed to recover and on his own filled for a software job, in computers, a field of his interest. His family thought that his illness had suddenly left him. They were very happy. But little did they know that it made him get this strange disease.

Only Rakshitha knew that whenever a stimulus, like election results or political scams in newspapers or any such things appeared, Madhur would go back to his mental disorderly state which may last for a day or more. So, she took extra care to shield him from all these issues.

After a year or so, Madhur seemed completely fit and so Rakshitha let him free. But She failed to notice that his disorder had gained peaks such that it stopped getting stimulated. The transition from one personality to another stopped showing symptoms of fainting & others. The personality of Chanakya grew & within two years, it gained back the political genius of Madhur. This year, Chanakya went on to threaten the political leader. This is the case so far", explained Vaidya Kumar. He looked at the crowd for questions.

One particular doctor raised the question, "Sir, we all know that in this case Madhur is unaware of the state of mind, the state of his mind called Chanakya. Was Chanakya aware of Madhur?", he asked.

"Very good question, young man. Our reports may suggest that being the more intelligent of the two personalities, Chanakya knew Madhur in & out, Madhur on the other hand didn't know anything about Chanakya" said Kumar.

"Sir, in general, we believe in हेतु विपर्यय चिकित्सा or treatment of a disease by giving factors/medicines opposing the cause. Will it work here???"

"Well thought. here we cannot apply हेतु विपर्यय औषध or चिकित्सा.

Opposite to the cause. Opposition to it was the reason (joining Politics) he is in the current situation. Kumar explained. Therefore, we must allow him to join Politics or we must give the चिकित्सा that is सत्तावजय", Kumar concluded.

"Excuse me Sir, this is too much. I have been seeing you guys handle the case that only trained psychiatrists can handle. Firstly, how can you justify this? what evidence do You have that your treatment will work", asked a critical doctor.

"Sir, training is required, no doubt. But I feel this is the right methodology. After seeing a similar case from North India reprinted from "The German journal of psychiatry". It was a 2005 case where a girl experienced this disease due to many reasons and one reason bothering her terribly was separation from her sister. As a treatment, along with medications & therapies, the law and order of the state traced & found her sister.

The care aftermath is what became a cure, the disease reduced gradually and by therapy & treatments, the girl never went into her disoriented stage again.

Nevertheless, we aren't refusing modern help, at the same time, if this case can be tackled successfully by our Ayurvedic fraternity, the future is going to be bright for us. This is my conclusion", said Vaidya Kumar, all were satisfied with the explanation & Ram a concluding note. wanted to give

"Dear doctors! It is high time for all of us to realise that whatever is in our books is not just a theory. Every word written in our samhitas is based on experience and only for future medical students. With such vast amount of knowledge we must not waste any energy in unnecessary things, but instead utilise what we have for implementing the things of our samhitas that are practical & viable till date. My inspiration today is the scientists who are working daily 24x7 in Vagbhatta's identity discovery & if not for them, we wouldn't have had this today.

We may stand here today, as a result of someone's hard earned time, resources & energy. But, what we do today is what will make us be remembered for a long time to come. My utmost gratitude to Netranand who is heading the lab of research, Vaidya Kumar who plays a key role in this mission of keeping a healthy society and all here for their immense valuable support," Ram concluded.

Beginning of another end: Mrita Sanjeevani

All through 2026, a journey of Madhur's recovery

Under observation and medication, Madhur showed both signs of recovery as well as worsening. He was given a good amount of treatments like Shirodhara/ tailadhara, frequent dosage of Manasamitra Vatika, Sootashekhar rasa, Ghrita and Bramhi. He was also given Yoga, exercises, pranayama and behavioural therapy.

His family were informed of his condition and the possible treatment. They still couldn't agree with his re-entry into politics.

It was then that after one court session, Chamani who was at the hospital to see her previous client Vaidya Kumar got involved. argument.

Vaidya Kumar was arguing for politics, while Chamani saw the family to be adamant against him. To support the vaidya, Chamani asked, "Politics? Why do you guys forbid him from joining politics? Do you think that Indian politics is not a gentleman's game? Nice thought. But your honour... hmm.. your lords (to the family) consider the fact that many countries also have politics and those Countries have a politically stable system, their political system is run by just and efficient people, and they can act as a future hub of his career. Have you considered that?" Chamani asked just to spice up the conversation.

It instead turned out to be the solution to the problem! The family readily agreed and all accepted the proposal: The manner in which this was to be conveyed to Madhur was the problem.

This was successfully conveyed to Madhur, by Vaidya Kumar. Also, the news that his family accepted his political career made his spirits rise. The treatment thereafter was very positively effective and by Ram's 30th Birthday, he was happily settled in Europe with Rakshitha, his software job continued, but as a source of income only.

Soon, he amassed enough wealth to have a decent standard of living. Soon, he moved within Europe and settled in Switzerland. Ten years later, he was given Swiss citizenship and by that time, he was a proud father of two twins- Ram & Lakshman.

India in the meanwhile got the status of developed country. It hit the global markets, Indians flourished all over the globe, the rapid transformation of India made it the centre of knowledge. Indian medicine dominated the global medical system and Ayurvedic medicine flourished to zenith.

Prior to these rapid transformations, Chamani visited Vaidya Kumar who was now a reputed physician in the country.

"Sir, how did you diagnose your patient by seeing the pulse", she enquired. "Like how you see a person's future by looking at the lines of the palm", he replied.

"Oh my God, both are so similar", she was excited. "No wonder the first time when we met, while you were seeing my palm, I was seeing your pulse", Kumar revealed.

"And what did you find?" Chamani. "Ohh, I found many things, but I know what you want now. Your body composition is very healthy, you are a Pitta Kapha individual. Your Pitta person demands logic, while your Kapha person demands care. You can remember things even after a long time, maybe that's why you joined law. The pitta guy or logical guy what you saw in Ravi and to add, he is a vata person or initiates quickly. But, I did not examine him and can't be sure. But your body says that you are a healthy person, healthy enough for a lucky marriage", Vaidya Kumar teased. "This is too strange you predict me based on my body and mind and I predict your body and mind after years based on what you have today on your palm! They are indeed connected sciences. "Hundred percent true, there is an entire science of medical astrology that runs on how to diagnose and treat diseases based on birth charts and horoscopes. But, that's for another day...." The conversation went on....

Hey! By the way, Ravi & Chamani did have a successful marriage. Ravi's law ability and logical reasoning flattered his father-in-law and he is currently studying the connection between Indian and Persian culture, after all both are roots of the same tree! His father-in-law is busy pampering him! And yeah there was something that happened soon after... You know what, let me introduce another character to you.

A new beginning of a journey - Dr Sai Sreevatsa

My name is Dr Sai Sreevatsa, I am an Ayurvedic doctor and surgeon. I lost everything in an accident and four years ago, I nearly lost my life. I was rescued by a mysterious Yogi in the Himalayas who began to appear in my dreams after that. He guided me through ups and downs of life and recently, I was released from jail. Why? I was imprisoned for instigating workers against the Prime minister of India. Ohh! I remember how I fought him and that's another story, that was a mission the Yogi gave me. Today, I am a Doctor and surgeon living far away for another mission. The Yogi told me that a mission awaited me soon.

Foothills of Himalayas, India, one midnight 2029

It was midnight and we were somewhere far away. The house could be seen near the woods; the woods signified that it was Himalayan foothills ahead.

In the house, a partly open door was seen. Sneha got up and found I was missing. She searched the house for me and finally she saw through the partly open door that I was on the balcony.

I had a visitor, a visitor at an unearthly hour, he had white hair, his face was calm and serene. He wore white Kurta-pyjama as well as a wristwatch and shoes. He seemed to be telling me something... Sneha strained to hear what was being said.

"Ok my friend. So, what should I do now?", I asked. "Stay for now. But a new task awaits you and I have been asked to give you this", said the man as he slipped a pouch into my hands.

Sneha wondered what was in that pouch. "Ok then, but you didn't tell me who you are", I said. "As you were told, who we are in this world is not important. It is our purpose. I'll leave now, before I am seen", said the man.

"Farewell my friend. I will ask you in case of any help. I said concluding.

The man quickly disappeared into the woods and I walked back into the house, "Hey you! What do you think you were doing with that strange man in this unearthly hour? Who is that man and what is happening?", asked Sneha demanding, she was suspicious, worried & anxious.

"See my dear! He is known to me. He had got me a rare collection of the most potent medicinal herbs from Himalayan slopes.

It was a confidential mission and I couldn't risk anyone knowing. That is all & I need to tell you." I said.

"You idiot!" she screamed softly. "How much ever I dig into you, I get only questions!" She said. "Sometimes, questions are best when they are unanswered because they let you think. Some other times, an answer is the basis and origin of a question", I said.

"You always talk in riddles and indirectly. No wonder I misunderstood you 5 years ago", Sneha said, wanting to give up.

"Hey! How I wish I was straight like you. But now that we are an understanding couple, you me and understand my reasons", I said, putting my hands around her.

"Ok then, let us go back", Ankita had now given up the questioning. I lived near the Himalayas. I started a new hospital there for my surgeries. A Yogi had told me in my dream that I will be given a sample that will be the beginning of a new journey. I wondered how it could be given in a dream. I got up and met this man.

My wife Sneha suspected him, oh I forgot to mention, we are married now, thanks to my understanding and her reunion.

I picked up my phone and whispered, "Netranand, Dr Sai Sreevatsa reporting, have received your sample, the sample of the greatly spoken legend, the legend of Mrita Sanjeevani. I await your response and further instructions. Sample safe, see you ".

A new twist, 2030 India

"The early morning was a beautiful sight! It is morning after a long night, everything is going to be bright after a long period of darkness. The first days of the sun reached the earth, flowers. boomned, the cold winter fog began to melt away andin such weather, on a fine lush green path, came a cycle and on it was seated the happiest person, the rider was none other than me.... Dr Sai Sreevatsa, an Ayurvedic doctor.

Riding, enjoying and engrossed in the scenery, I left the cycle handle and began to peddle faster.

The scenery began to change, I was still enjoying it. Suddenly my cycle flew up in the air and kept going higher and higher.

The scene changed to clouds and I felt I was one step closer to heaven.

And Suddenly came a spoilsport in the form of a man, his long matted locks of hair were flowing from his head reaching his elbows...

He looked very different, he had Tilak on his forehead. "My son, trouble awaits you", he said in a calm voice, the cycle stopped in mid-air, as though waiting for him to continue.

"Hey you! What nonsense are you talking about? I am one step below heaven and you say trouble awaits you?" "Listen my son! Listen to me", he said with the same calm voice. "Who are you to say that ", I screamed. I saw his hair and replied, "Hey you, Just because your hair is like the noodles I gobble for breakfast, I don't agree with you." "I tried flying above without heeding and I began to fall aaah....."

I got up from the dream, it was such a wonderful dream, fitted with the best anti climax but one noodle-guy comes and spoils the climax! But it had striking similarity with the dream I got few years ago.

I peeked at my watch. 8:30 AM! Oh my God, I had a press conference to attend at 9:30AM.

I quickly got ready and arrived at the conference where I sat in front of the reporters with cameras clicking and mikes towards me.

So, I sat down and the reporters began. It was an Ayurveda related Press Conference. Many students sat too, I could see many faces seeking answers.

It began! The first question was "Doctor ! Good morning! We heard from sources that there is another discovery by the team of secret researchers of unknown origin headed by Netranand. A discovery we believe can change the course of medicine forever. What is the discovery?"

"Ohhh sir, please relax. I know your talent, you can access places which even wind cannot access. But sir, let me confirm, this is not the right news.", I had to say.

"Sir, but this was from a verified source....", he began. "Unfortunately, we give updates only when they need to be given. Nevertheless, the research on something that will change medicine is in progress. I'll update you when done ", I justified.

"Dr Sai Sreevatsa, why is this confidential research? And what is your connection with it?"

“And what is this thing that will change medical science?”

“Is Mrita Sanjeevani really true?”

“If that's the case, is the world in danger?”

“ENOUGH REPORTERS, WE WILL HAVE AN UPDATE SHORTLY”, I said and left.

I immediately picked up my phone and dialled Netranand's number. “Your security is breached. If anything happens wrong, the world's future will be at stake.”, I tried to warn him.

“Hello Doctor, my name is Dr Venu Madhavan. I have a little surprise for you...”He was out of prison? And worse! He was in the secret lab... The future of world was at stake.. Suddenly I felt a sharp pricking sensation on my back.

I turned around to see someone had pierced me with a syringe.

"NOOOO...." I screamed as darkness enveloped...

Conclusion 2023

So, after watching all the characters we decided that all were interconnected. Ravi & Chamani's love story was due to their union in law college and law brought them to Kumar and Kumar had a doctor-patient relation with Madhur who was connected by his other personality to the police officer Varun sharma who was on a lookout for him. Varun was connected to DGP Arun Kumar whose son Sreekumar was his friend and

Arun shared a past with Ram and Walter, Walter was the uncle of Netra and Netra discovered the voice of Vagbhata. This voice was used to treat the patient of Vaidya Kumar and this in turn proved to be for the greater good, causing benefit to both India and Switzerland.

This proves that we don't know how things are connected, individuals, society, nation and sciences, all are connected and everything that happens happens for a reason and we must trust that it is for our good.

The combined effort of all these people led to a good society, a good country and good world. So, we don't know how our help can help us. So let us start helping, first help me oh reader by reading my story!!! It is not over yet..

Yours in service,

SAI SREEVATSA MOHAN K

Glossary of final chapter

Mrita Sanjeevani

Appendix of terms & common question-answers

A story is never complete without the quest and interest of the reader, it is only this interest that makes a reader start a story, his interest makes him continue reading and at the end of reading, he is filled with either satisfaction or questions. If there is a note of satisfaction, I am the gladdest person.

But being a normal reader, many questions may arise to you. Here, for your satisfaction, I'll answer them one by one.

Q) Are the Concepts used in the story real?

Ans) The story involved many concepts that are accurate, true and authentic. The concept of sound being a form of fog that was discovered by Antarctic Researcher is fiction, but Sound dynamics like the wave nature of sound, recording it by converting to Electromagnetic waves, dead people's voice argument according to Ram are true. The machine and all those components like Netranand's research laboratory are elements of fiction and are continued in the sequel.

Q) The Story finds a lot on Ayurveda. Are these concepts a work of imagination?

Ans) The facts regarding Ayurveda like the history of Vagbhata, Charaka and Sushruta, the details about them are all true and are studied today in the BAMS curriculum. The arguments between teacher and Ram, Ankita are based on true facts, none of them are imagination.

Q) What do you think the readers must derive after reading the long bulky work?

Ans) Well, if you ask me the moral of the story I sum it up as: Love all, serve all? Love mankind and humanity work to serve mankind and you remembered for centuries.

Q) Is Vagbhata a true historical person or an element of fiction?

Ans) Acharya Vagbhata is regarded as one of the greatest teachers in Ayurveda. Time period attributed to the 6th-7th century CE, he was the famous writer, grammarian, poet, physician. Writer of Ashtanga Hridayam and Ashtanga Sangraham, two Ayurvedic texts that are used even in today's clinical practice too.

Q) What is satapatra suchi nyaya or Utpala satapatravedha nyaya?

8. *Utpala Satapatra Vedha Nyaya.*^[8]

The commentator has also tried to prove the oneness of mind by means of another maxim known as *Utpala Satapatra Vedha Nyaya*.

Arrange a hundred lotus petals one over the other and prick it with a needle. While pricking the needle, makes holes in the petals one one after another in quick succession. But it looks like that the needle pricks all of them at a time. As such the *Manas* is one and only one and hence it associates with the *Indriyas* one after another. But it appears that the *Manas* associate with the five *Indriyas* simultaneously. By the help of this *Nyaya* it is established the oneness of *Manas*.

UTPALA SATAPATRAVEDHA

NYAYA

